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Without Concealment----Without Compromise.

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DAVID LEE CHILD, Editor.

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The Standard.

WANDERINGS ON THE SEAS AND SHORES OF AFRICA—PART I. pp. 64.

This commencement of the promised and long expected showing up of the African Colonization concern, by R. M. T. H. has some interesting passages, but we think that too much space is occupied by the voyage to the coast. The ordinary incidents of sea life, are not very pleasing in themselves; and they have been done so often by writers of every degree of merit, that the genius would be wonderful indeed, which should impart to them any new or exciting interest. The work promises to be much more than an exposition of the character of African Colonization; and we shall look with much expectation for the appearance of the succeeding parts. The spirited and excellent letters of R. M. T. H. in the New-York American for two years, ought to secure a favorable reception of this work. We extract a description of the quality of the emigrants, Henry Clay's "Christian missionaries," to Liberia:

The rest of the emigrants were an illustrative specimen of Colonization. An old man, with a wife and five children constituted the principal group. He had been a slave all his life in Richmond, Virginia, working as a cartman, his owner taking all his earnings and giving him a bare support, and selling all his children into hopeless slavery as fast as they became saleable. He had had about a dozen in all, of which one or two had managed to escape from slavery, and were living in Canada, secure in their freedom. Three very young male children, who would have required from fourteen to eighteen years' support to make them marketable commodities, and two daughters nearly grown, but never likely to pay for what they would eat, were liberated along with him and his wife. The rest,—that is, all that were likely to be worth anything, were retained in slavery. As for himself, he was broken with premature old age and asthmatic disease, evidently the result of hard labor and exposure; and being thus rendered in a great measure useless to his mercenary owner, and moreover likely to become extremely burdensome and costly to him, he was turned off in this manner, precisely as one of his old cart-horses would be, to pick a living, or to starve and die on the wastes and commons. Another equally unfortunate fellow, thus devoted to liberty and transportation, was a very honest, quiet negro, that had been liberated by some morbidly conscientious old woman, whose perverted sense of duty had impelled her to send him, against his will, away from his home, country, and family, leaving behind him in hopeless slavery, an affectionate wife, who, being the property of a different owner, could not accompany or follow him in his exile. The three others of the company could leave no one much at a loss for the motives of their liberation and banishment; for, three more lazy, shiftless, lying, impudent rogues never yet cursed a southern slaveholder. Their whole appearance was such as must have effectually discouraged any proposed purchaser; and to the most humane owner, transportation to Africa, be it ever so cruel, must have seemed no more than the due recompense of their manifold transgressions.

The following eloquent description of a heartrending accident of the voyage, affected us deeply:

THE POOR SAILOR BOY.

On the night of Tuesday, January 10, just as I was beginning to enjoy the sense of increased safety and comfort in the abatement of the tempestuous weather, a startling and painful incident occurred, which gave me a new and vivid impression of the dangers of the sea.

At eight o'clock in the evening, the wind being still so strong that the brig was staggering under the few sails which she was carrying, there were appearances of the rapid approach of a violent squall, which made it necessary to reduce our canvass to the foretopsail and foresail. When the order was given to take in the jib, I went down into the cabin, and was trying to amuse myself in my solitude, when I was suddenly startled by a most dismal groaning sound, which seemed to come to me through the side of the vessel! Before I had time to ask or seek the cause of this strange noise, I heard a sharp, quick cry of alarm on deck, followed by the sound of a person rushing to the side of the brig, instantly succeeded by a stumble and a heavy fall nearly over my head. The groaning noise meanwhile continued, sharpening into a cry of human agony and despair. I sprang upon deck, and there saw the captain, both the mates, and two sailors, standing aft and looking into the water behind us, motionless and seemingly overwhelmed with distress, while from the sea in our wake came that awful cry, still loud and piercing, though receding fast; and to every scream the captain responded in tones of anguish—"Oh, poor boy! poor boy! poor boy!" With a fearful guess of the nature of the accident, I called out—"What is it?" All the officers simultaneously answered me. "The boy is overboard." This was indeed the horrid fact. Two sailors, with the boy, were occupied in furling the jib,—he innermost and in the most secure place, on the cap of the bowsprit,—while they were out beyond him on the jibboom, when suddenly without any particular cause, he slipped from the place he was bestriding and fell into the sea,—the first notice of his fall being his cries as he rose in the water. The mate was on the bows at the time, superintending the execution of the order, and as soon as he could speak, after learning what had happened, cried out—"The boy's overboard." Quick as light, both in thought and action, the captain sprung to the larboard rail where the main-brace, an immensely long line which hung in a huge coil on a belaying-pin nearly abreast of the companion-way, (our main-brace belaying aft, contrary to the usual custom,) with the intention of throwing it over into the sea, when it would have gone many fathoms behind us, almost sure to have been grasped by the poor boy, who in his agonizing and almost supernatural efforts, was still nearly keeping up with us, and had not yet fallen astern. It would have been his last chance of life;—but it failed him. The deck was wet with the dashing waves; the captain's foot slipped; and he fell into the lea scruppers with violence, stunned for a moment, and severely bruised. When he rose to his feet, the wretched sufferer was far astern, beyond the reach of any such aid!

Still the lost boy's unearthly scream,

——— "The bubbling cry
Of that strong swimmer in his agony,"—

was ringing with dreadful distinctness in our ears, at intervals half obscured as he descended into the hollows of the mountainous sea, and then pealing out again with redoubled power as the next rolling wave lifted him to its foaming top for a moment. As I lingered waiting for the sounds to cease, I suffered almost the horrors of death itself, in thus counting each heart-breaking degree of misery and aggravating despair which I knew were coming over him every moment, as he found the vessel receding, his strength and heart failing, and his appreciation of certain death increasing. He was a native of Turk's Island, in the Bahamas, where he was brought up on the sea-shore, living half the time in the water throughout the year, and like almost all his amphibious countrymen, "swimming like a fish." I have no doubt that the wretched being swam for more than an hour after us, until at last the awful certainty of his terrible doom come over him; and there, alone amid the pitiless waves,—ALONE, alone in the wide waters of the cold ocean, abandoned by man, with no hope from heaven or earth,

"He sunk into the deep with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined and unknown."

The night was perfectly dark,—so that he was not once to be seen after he fell. We could not see so far as the breadth of the vessel. A drenching rain, coming on at the same moment, added to the confusion of the furious gust that was already howling through our rigging, and laying the vessel almost on her side,—the tops of the waves being swept by the wind into sheets of spray, and raising their voices as if in triumph over their helpless victim. But over all, yet sounded that despairing death cry, shrill, though fainter,—telling us that still he struggled against prolonged though certain destruction. I could bear it no longer, and rushed down into the cabin to escape the sound. But incredible as it may appear, I still heard him distinctly, EVEN THERE, though he must have been already nearly a mile off from us. I never can forget that sound. It was like nothing else that I ever heard. I shudder now in recalling it I have since seen death in many shapes, but never in a form so terrible.

* * * * * * * * *

That day, according to custom, the lost boy's chest was brought on deck, and his clothes and other little property sold at auction,—the proceeds being deposited, with the balance of his wages, for the benefit of his friends. He was a rough, neglected-looking boy, about sixteen or seventeen years old. He had been abandoned in New-York by the shipmaster who first employed him and brought him from home; and being a totally friendless stranger, he fell into great want and suffering, begging his food and sleeping in the markets. In this condition he was found by some benevolent persons, and came under the notice of Captain Howland, who took him under his care, and provided him a place in the Rondout, where he showed himself active, industrious, and obedient. Knowing these circumstances of his previous degradation, I was surprised when we found in his chest a very well written letter to his parents, which he had composed entirely by himself, in the forecastle, since he came on board, in preparation for any possible opportunity to send it to his home on Turk's Island. The language was grammatical and well chosen, though simple; and it was written in a plain, legible hand, though with a bad pen and the worst of accommodations. He gave his friends a general account of his situation, told them he was doing well with Captain Howland and was treated very kindly by him. As I read this, the honest captain's tears burst out afresh; and I was not far from joining him when I read further the poor boy's kind little messages to his brothers and sisters in that beloved island-home to which his heart yearned in his woful exile, and especially the anxious affection which he fondly expressed for "mother and the baby." Never had a stranger a more heartfelt mourning than was made over him by some "unused to the melting mood." His name was Ernest Augustus Darrell. This is his only funeral rite, epitaph, or memorial, except in the sorrowful remembrance of that poor family that looked so long in vain for him, and perhaps never learned the particulars of his melancholy loss.

PROFITS OF PRODUCTION AND EXCHANGE COMPARED.

The indications seem to be that the mysteries of mercantile profits will soon be better understood. When they shall be thoroughly so, it will be found that we are submitting to a feudality of fraud instead of the ancient feudality of force! We do not mean conscious, individual fraud, much as there is of that; we mean rather the frauds arising from wicked customs of trade. We find in the *Philadelphia Ledger*, the following:

The world is divided into two classes, producers and consumers; the first being the many, the second the few, the first the ruled, the second the rulers. All the wealth of the world is produced by the first; nearly all the uses of that wealth are monopolized by the second. The producer creates everything; and receives for his reward a scanty portion of the produce. The consumer creates nothing, and receives for his reward the greater portion of what is created by the producer. All the weath of the world that feeds the indispensable wants of humanity, is drawn from the land, the ocean, or the workshop. From these three sources flow all that is necessary to human food, clothing, habitation. Human beings have another class of wants, founded upon natural instincts, which instincts are developed only by civilization. These are the wants of mind, consisting of science and literature. By this class of wants, society is divided into three bodies; the producers, who create everything; the distributors or exchangers, who distribute what the first create; and the consumers, who receive from the hands of the second whatever the first create. Here, too, as in the creation of whatever ministers to the first class of wants, the same injustice is exhibited; the producer receiving a small portion of his produce, the exchanger receiving the rest, and the consumer, who neither produces nor distributes it, paying enhanced prices for what he receives. Thus the *working man*, whether he work with head or hand, is robbed of his reward, while the idle man, who creates nothing, and distributes nothing, or the mere exchanger, who distributes what the working man creates, fares sumptuously upon the fruits of the working man's labor.

Let us illustrate this doctrine by example. A shoemaker makes eight pair of shoes in a day, which is considerably above the average, and receives a profit of twenty-five cents on each, and thus receives about six hundred dollars as a reward for one year of severe toil. A wagoner or other transporter brings these and other shoes to market, and receives about the same reward. A wholesale dealer in shoes sells, annually, two hundred thousand pairs, for the average price of a dollar, upon a profit of ten cents, and thus receives twenty thousand dollars for one year of toil, much lighter than that of the shoemaker. Supposing that one wagoner brings all these shoes from the country to the city, for they will weigh about twenty-five tons, we find that one man receives twenty thousand dollars, annually, for distributing the produce of about eighty-three shoemakers, brought to him by one wagoner. The aggregate of *their* reward, at six hundred dollars for each, is fifty thousand and four hundred dollars. The aggregate reward of thirty-three of these, at six hundred dollars to each, is nineteen thousand and eight hundred dollars; and thus we find that one man, who distributes the produce of eighty-four men, receives as much as thirty-three of them, or thirty-three and a third times more than any one of them! Is this an equal distribution of reward? Does justice admit that one man should receive thirty-three times more than another man, for a year of labor? One receives too much, and the other receives too little. Let us take another example. A dealer in dry goods, principally for female clothing and decoration, sells three thousand silk scarfs in a year. He pays wholesale prices for the materials of each, or about three dollars and seven eighths, and hires women to make them at an eighth of a dollar for each; and he sells each of them for ten dollars. He thus receives a profit of eighteen thousand dollars. Supposing that a woman can make four in a day, or twelve hundred in a year, we find that her reward is six hundred dollars, and that he receives his reward of eighteen thousand dollars, upon the labor of two women for a year, and one for six months. Eighteen thousand dollars, are thirty times more than six hundred; and thus one man receives as much for one year of light labor, as thirty women for one year of severe and exhausting toil. The inventor of a machine may receive a thousand dollars, annually, for his patent right, and each of the mechanics who make it, may receive six hundred, while the commission merchant who sells it, may receive ten thousand. An author may receive a thousand dollars for writing a book, and a bookseller may receive a thousand for selling it, and at the same time sell the works of twenty other authors; and thus while each author receives a thousand dollars for a year of mental toil, the bookseller receives twenty-one thousand for a year of toil, in selling their productions.

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The tailors and seamstresses of Boston, lately held a meeting to devise some plan for correcting this evil of unequal distribution of reward between the producer and exchanger; or, in other words, to devise means for obtaining better prices for their labor. Who are their opponents? The wholesale dealers; those who employ them at low wages, and sell their produce at high profits. Among those who addressed the meeting was Dr. Walter Channing, a physician as respectable for his philanthropy as his professional skill, and a relative of the eminent divine, and distinguished philanthropist, whose decease, about a year ago, was a loss to the world. Dr. Channing, speaking from his own experience in medical practice, described the mischievous effect of severe sedentary labor upon both sexes of this class of producers, stating that women especially were ruined in health and constitution, and that mothers gave birth to deformed children, all the result of overtaxing labor scantily paid. He said, and well he might, that such sights had often chilled his blood, and that if society would tolerate such oppressions, it must take the deplorable consequences. He proposed as one remedy, that the public should patronize those employers only who paid a fair compensation for labor.

Dr. Channing's remedy is good for this case, so far as it goes. But it does not reach the root of the evil. To reach this, we must abolish the numerous devices in what is called the government of society, which favor monopoly, concentration of production in the hands of a few; which enable one to fare sumptuously by means of starving many. Europe is full of these devices. There, land is owned by the few, who take most of the produce in *rent*, *tithes*, *taxes*, to maintain themselves in luxury, and to maintain the armies and navies, by which they coerce the many into surrendering the fruits of their toil. But in our country, yet free from landed aristocracies, political priesthood, armies, and navies, labor is robbed of its reward by corporations and paper money. Both are "associated wealth, the dynasty of modern States," and each reduces the producer to a condition of dependence. How does a wholesale dealer in clothing, beginning with a thousand dollars of capital, hire multitudes of journeymen and seamstresses, for prices inadequate to comfortable subsistence? Why does he not sell the produce of his own labor only? Why is he able to sell the produce of hundreds, and how does he compel hundreds to sell their produce to him, instead of carrying it to the competition of purchasers? He borrows of a bank, buys materials, and hires laborers to make them into garments. He may sell cheaper than they could, individually, and thus each consumer may pay a dollar less for a coat. But what is the result to society? He riots in wealth, created by hundreds of producers, and they are half starved upon their produce. He pays five dollars for cloth, a dollar for *trimmings*, and two dollars for the making of a coat, and sells the garment for twenty dollars. He thus makes a profit of twelve dollars, or one hundred and fifty per cent. while the poor working man or woman receives *two* dollars!

We call upon all laborers to think of these things. Let their motto be *fair prices for labor, and no spurious currencies*; and let them, by a thorough and energetic system of *combination, peaceful and legal*, insist upon their due.

Lately we had the pleasure of reading some very just remarks upon the frauds of trade, by the editor of the New-York Tribune. We are heartily glad to see such topics taken up by respected conductors of the press.

We once heard a great vintner in France boast that the pump in his yard earned him 10,000 francs a year, and he represented fairly his brotherhood. But what is this compared with the mammoth fraud of making all the villanous compounds that are sold for wine in Great Britain and the United States?

Some years ago the navy agent of the United States, a distinguished lover of the "dear people," used to pay distressed women eight cents a piece for making shirts for the navy, while he charged the government twenty-five cents a piece for this identical work! Now, when it is considered that these same poor women were compelled to pay out of their pittance, in the shape of taxes on importations, a part of this very profit, to the navy agent, iniquitous however paid, one feels as if he could hardly refrain from "curses deep" upon the chicanery and barbarity of government minions, and upon government itself.

COMMUNITY CONVENTION.

To the friends of a Re-organization of the Social System by a community of property and interest throughout the country:

BELOVED FRIENDS—We have been urgently requested by Rowland T. Robinson, Thomas M'Clintock, Margaret Pryor, Patten Davis, Nathaniel Randal, Ann King, John Alden, William O. Duvall, Ezra C. Smith, Archibald Green, Maria Loomis, David Cogswell, D. R. Stone, Joseph Savage, and upwards of THREE HUNDRED other persons in different parts of the free States, to issue a call for a general convention, to be holden this fall, in some central part of the country, to devise ways and means and to mature plans for giving efficiency and success to the community enterprise.

The undersigned, therefore, would earnestly and affectionately invite you to meet on the farm secured for the Community, in Skeneateles, Onondaga county, New-York, on *Saturday* and *Sunday*, October the 14th and 15th, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M.

From the very deep interest manifested wherever this great question has been presented, we are confident that the time has come for immediate, united, efficient, and energetic action.

The object of this gathering is not to labor especially for the benefit of any particular class, but for the entire race; not to concentrate our efforts upon any one manifestation of evil, but to remove the source of all our social discord; not merely to contend with effects, but to battle against causes. Men everywhere sustain false relations. Society is based upon antagonisms. Men cannot practically obey the great precept of our Saviour, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Society everywhere offers a premium upon deception, fraud, and tyranny. The equality of the race is nowhere recognized. Men must first place themselves in love relations. The remedy is simple—the object is sublime—the work is ennobling. Come up, friends, from the East, West, North, and South—aid us with your deliberations, and strengthen the cause by your co-operation. Come one, come all!

The friends have secured a location for the community, which combines almost every possible advantage for health, taste, and convenience. To view the premises—to examine its groves, lawns, and waterfalls—will well repay a journey of several hundred miles.

The Community at Skeneateles, and friends in its immediate vicinity, will extend their hospitality to strangers from a distance. It is expected that the friends in Central and Western New-York will come abundantly furnished with provisions. We have reason to expect that this convention will be numerously attended, spirited, and deeply interesting.

☞ It may be well to add, that the Erie canal runs through Jordan, a village distant about five miles from the community, and that the Skaneateles branch railroad unites the community with the great Western railroad. Affectionately, yours,

J. A. COLLINS, N. H. WHITING,
JOHN ORVIS, JOHN O. WATTLES.
Community Place, Skeneateles,
September 18, 1843.

We have inserted the foregoing notice on the same principle that we have heretofore inserted notices and communications aiming at the general or at some particular good of our species. We recognize a common bond as clearly as we do a distinct identity of all the *charities*. The Grecian *Graces* (Charites) were alike, being the offspring of Love, yet they were all different.

It is proper to say that the above, and a kindred notice from Pennsylvania friends, were delayed not out of disrespect to the sources from whence they came, nor from having formed decided opinions against their supposed modes of accomplishing great and good objects, (for we confess that our opinions upon questions of this nature are immature,) but from doubts of the propriety of admitting them into a paper supported as the organ of an anti-slavery society. We would have contact but not identity. We would join hands in a fraternal manner like the *Charites*, but not to be metamorphosed like *Cadmus*.

From the West Chester Village Record.

ANTI-SLAVERY INTERROGATORIES.

To Abraham R. McIlvain and Oliver Allison—candidates for Congress:

To enable the anti-slavery voters of Chester county to bestow an enlightened suffrage, the undersigned committee of the board of managers, representing the Chester County Anti-Slavery Society, respectfully solicited an answer to the following interrogatories, through one or more of the county papers, at your earliest convenience.

1st. Are you in favor of such amendments to the Constitution of the United States, as will equalize representation, basing it upon the *free* inhabitants—abrogate the legal obligations of the citizens of the free States to "deliver up" "on claim," the *reputed* fugitive from slavery—and, also, release them from all obligations to aid in quelling slave insurrections?

Are you in favor of the repeal of all laws of the United States, which require public functionaries, at home or abroad, to uphold or support slavery, which draught heavily the *people's purse*, to protect its borders and guard its seaports—which have established slavery in the District of Columbia when State control had ceased, by the acceptance of their acts of cession by Congress—and, finally, every feature of *national* law, whereby the people of this State are *made* participators in the sin and disgrace of slaveholding?

Respectfully, your friends,
EZRA GRAY,
J. WILLIAMS THORN,
J. FULTON, JR.
Committee.

To Robert Parke, Jesse C. Dickey, Joseph Whitaker, George Christman, William W. Downing, John Carlisle—candidates for Assembly:

For the foregoing reasons, we also respectfully solicit from you, the earliest possible answer through the same source to the following interrogatories, viz:

1st. Are you in favor of the repeal of the law of this State, which permits slaveholders to bring their slaves into the State, and hold them, as such, for a period of six months at a time?

2d. Are you in favor of the repeal of our present State laws, upon the subject of fugitive slaves?

3d. Are you in favor of the enactment of other laws, which will prohibit our State officers from any kind of participancy in the capture and return of fugitive slaves, to their *reputed* owners—and also utterly forbidding the jails and prisons of the Commonwealth from being used for the safe-keeping or detention of such reputed fugitives?

4th. And finally, are you in favor of the repeal of all constitutional and legislative provisions, whether of the Union or of this State, which require the public officers of the United States, and the citizens of Pennsylvania, to participate in upholding slavery?

Respectfully, your friends,
EZRA GRAY,
J. WILLIAMS THORN,
J. FULTON. JR.
Committee.

The *Village Record*, a much esteemed whig paper, in lishing the above interrogatories addressed to the candidates for Congress and for the legislature, speaks thereupon as follows:

We hope our position is understood. We *do not* publish the questions upon the mercenary principle that the whig candidates are to catch votes; but in deference to the views and wishes of a highly respectable class of citizens. Whatever of the spirit of humanity and human freedom, there is in the whig party of Chester county, or in ourselves, we would be acting dishonestly to ourselves as well as the party, to admit that it rested upon so low and unworthy a principle. In regard to abolitionists, proper and general, we can support them if honest and conscientious whigs.

From the Liberator.

LIBERTY PARTY.

The position of the the genuine abolitionists of the country—those who stand on the platform of the American Anti-Slavery Society—towards the "liberty party," is not universally understood. Persons who have recently entered the cause, or are watching its movements from without, are sometimes surprised to hear the liberty party described as the most dangerous enemy of the slave, and warnings solemnly given to his friends to beware of it. They do not understand why men, who urge upon anti-slavery voters the duty of using their elective franchise, with a religious regard to the deliverance of our country and our countrymen from the curse of slavery, should at the same time warn them against the political organization which professes to be the only effectual channel of political action—the only efficient means of the slave's deliverance. They have not learned, from their experience in the old parties, that men and parties may *profess* to be what they are not. This lesson, the old platform abolitionists, or some of them, have learned, by hard and difficult experience. They would hold it to be the duty of anti-slavery voters, to use their political power in the best and most effectual way for the abolition of slavery, and, therefore, bid them beware of all three of the parties, as they now stand. They have no prejudice against a "liberty" party, as such, any more than against a "whig," or a "democratic" party, as such. They look upon them impartially, and weigh their actions in a fair balance against their principles; and they find them all three wanting, and they tell the world of it. The principles of all the three parties are good enough, and sufficient to abolish slavery, if they were only carried out. The fault anti-slavery has to find with them is, that they are not so carried out. And what is the evidence that they have on this point, with regard to the whig and democratic parties? Why, that the men they set up for office, and the editors of their party papers, have proved themselves, by their acts, to be the enemies of the slave, and of his true friends. All the mouthing of whigs and democrats, about liberty and equal rights, goes for nothing with them, as long as Henry Clay, or Daniel Webster, or John C. Calhoun, or Martin Van Buren, are their candidates, and the Globe, the Intelligencer, the Boston Advertiser, and the Boston Post, are their organs. The leaders and the organs of any political party, are, in effect, THE PARTY. The rank and file, are, in all, doubtless, better than the officers—but they nevertheless obey the word of command. The mass of whigs and democrats, are, no doubt, honest in their opinions, and sincerely wish to carry them out, but they do, notwithstanding, take their political character from their leaders, and are made the tools of their selfish purposes. It is, therefore, that the abolitionists, who stand on the ground occupied by the American Anti-Slavery Society, cannot act with either of those parties. The whig or democratic abolitionist, says to his old party, "I like your creed as well as I ever did, but I have no faith in your apostles. Your doctrines are true; and honestly carried out, would effect all that I ask—but I cannot receive the men whom you offer to me as their incarnation. I have not faith to believe, that slaveholders, and vilely pro-slavery men, who are doing all in their power to defeat the anti-slavery movement, and destroy the character of its prominent members, will ever abolish slavery, the greatest curse of the land. Therefore, I separate myself from you. But as soon as you will set up honest and sincere men, who will fairly carry out our common principles, and apply them to slavery as well as to other matters of vastly less moment, I will be with you again, with all my heart and soul."

And how is it with regard to the "liberty" party? The "liberty" party makes as loud protestations of love for freedom and equal rights, as do the other two parties—and no louder—only it specifies the abolition of slavery among the other objects it has in view, whereas the others say nothing about it, though it is logically intended in the fair carrying out of the principles they both profess. What is the objection the abolitionist has to this party? Precisely the same that he has to the two others—the character of its leaders and organs. He cannot trust men to be true to the slave in their political capacity, who have been false to him in their anti-slavery capacity. About three years ago, the slaves of this country possessed a large amount of money, and other property, which was held in trust for their benefit, by the American Anti-Slavery Society. This society entrusted these funds to certain agents or attornies, called their executive committee. A part of this property was the Emancipator, in which not less than $20,000 of their funds had been invested. Two of these agents were, the candidate of the liberty party for President, and the editor of the Emancipator. Having good reason to fear that their stewardship would be taken from them, at the annual meeting of 1840, because they had justly forfeited the confidence of their employers, these unjust stewards devised ways and means to keep possession of the property in their hands. ☞ THOUGH THEY HAD RECEIVED NEARLY FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, IN THE FIRST SIX MONTHS OF THE YEAR, AND HAD PROPERTY ON HAND AT THE TIME, WORTH MORE THAN FOURTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS, ON WHICH THEY RAISED MONEY FOR OTHER PURPOSES, THEY TRANSFERRED THE EMANCIPATOR, UNDER PRETENSE OF POVERTY, TO A SOCIETY OF YOUNG MEN, IN NEW-YORK, WHO WERE, IN EFFECT, THEMSELVES UNDER ANOTHER NAME! And by them it was transferred to Mr. Joshua Leavitt, who was then, and still is, its editor, and was also, as I have said before, one of the original transferring committee. At the very meeting at which the Emancipator was thus conveyed away, ("The wise *convey* it call,") for the want of means to carry it on for four weeks, the same committee voted a large sum of money to Mr. Birney, and to Mr. Stanton, another member of the committee, and a prominent liberty party man, to enable them to make an excursion to England, to attend the London conference. To pay these sums, and arrears of salaries, (still unpaid, notwithstanding the receipt of $50,000,) all the other property of the slaves was also transferred—so that when their accredited agents, the American Anti-Slavery Society, came together to call their servants to an account, they found that their organ was clean conveyed away, and that they had not a shilling of their trust property with which to cross themselves! While these gentlemen are the recognized representatives of the liberty party, as its Presidential candidate, and its leading editor, a true abolitionist cannot but put it in the same category with the whig and the democratic parties, and regard it as at least equally undeserving of his support.

Besides these two individuals, many other of the prominent liberty party men were either members of the unfaithful committee of 1839-40, or gave them their countenance by joining the hostile society, which was formed for the purpose of destroying the true anti-slavery movement, and whose brief vitality was expended in scattering over the world the most atrocious falsehoods and wicked calumnies, against its faithful friends, or afforded them the encouragement of feigned neutrality. The other liberty party presses, as a general thing, if not universally, and particularly the "Liberty Press," have signalized themselves by the virulence of their attacks upon the American Society, its measures, and its members. There are multitudes, no doubt, who swell the ranks of the party, who despise and disclaim these past and present actions of their leaders; but as long as they remain in the parties which those leaders conduct, they cannot but occupy a position as essentially hostile to genuine anti-slavery, as if they had belonged to either of the other parties And for exactly the same reason, because they sustain men who have shown, by their deeds, that their own interests are dearer to them than those of the slave.

Now we utterly disclaim having any "old grudge" against any one of these gentlemen. We have no more of a grudge against them, than we have against Mr. Calhoun, or Mr. Clay, Mr. Blair, Mr. Seaton, Mr. Pleasants, or Mr. Ritchie. BUT WE CANNOT TRUST THEM. We cannot confide in the anti-slavery character of the one class of politicians, any more than of the other. And why? Because they have proved themselves by their fruits to be unworthy of such confidence. Why cannot a true abolitionist sustain the whig, or the democratic party?—Because their leading men and influences are such that he cannot reasonably expect that they will use the power he would thus give them, for the abolition of slavery. And what reason has he to expect better things of the leading candidate, and influence of the liberty party? They have been faithless over a few things—why should we believe that they will be faithful over many? They have betrayed their anti-slavery trust on a slight temptation—what is the chance that they will be true under a great one?

Now, a true abolitionist has no more quarrel with a liberty party in the abstract, than with a whig or a democratic party in the abstract. In the abstract they are all good enough for his purposes—but in the concrete, as they stand incarnated before the world, in the persons of their leading candidates and editors, they are all equally unworthy of his confidence. He might, indeed, object to the policy of a third party, and prefer voting for abolitionists of his own way of political thinking, as the most effectual mode of political action, even if the liberty party were to purify itself of all cause of offense; but he could not justly attack it as a *malum in se*, in such case, any more than he could the whig or the democratic parties, should they perform the same lustration. If the liberty party will nominate men, and sustain presses worthy of the support of abolitionists, and it will be as much entitled to support as the whig or democratic parties would be, should they do the same thing—AND NO MORE. The moment either of the great national parties adopts the destruction of slavery into its creed, and nominates an anti-slavery man for President, and adopts an anti-slavery policy, that moment it becomes a liberty party to all intents and purposes, and deserves the support of abolitionists as much as one calling itself by that specific name. It is one of the devices of the "liberty party," which it uses to dragoon men into its ranks, to assume that the other two parties are essentially and inherently pro-slavery, and must be abolished and superseded by the liberty party, before slavery can be destroyed. The absurdity of this position is obvious from the consideration that the very men who are to recruit the ranks of the liberty party to this extent, must be converted in their original parties, and snatched from them, like brands from the burning, before this consummation can be effected. And, pray, after they are converted in these sufficient numbers, why cannot they do the same thing in their old parties, refusing to countenance them in any pro-slavery word or work, but adhering to them in all things indifferent, and insisting upon their applying their principles to the subject of slavery. But it is evident from the present confusion of the political elements, that a new arrangement of parties is at hand. And may we not hope that they will take the only natural shape which parties can assume in this country, at this time—of North and South—Slavery and Anti-slavery?

It is anything but pleasant to have to make statements of a personal nature, respecting men with whom we were once in friendly connection. But there are times and occasions when it is necessary that unpleasant duties should be performed. If any person thinks that this is a work in which we delight, we beg them to stand corrected. But when we see men who have proved themselves untrue to the cause, and who have attempted, and are still attempting, to cover their own delinquencies by calumniating those whom they have injured, striving to pass themselves off upon the world as the only genuine abolitionists, and appealing to the anti-slavery public to elevate them to office, or to provide them with livelihoods, it becomes those who are acquainted with the facts in their case, to lay them and keep them before the people. Especially is this necessary when we see men, who are acquainted with the truth, and who believe the old organized anti-slavery to be the only anti-slavery, are still blind and insane enough to give their votes for the liberty party, as now constituted, and thus, not merely put a dagger into their enimies' hand, but help to drive it home to their own hearts. Some of these infatuated persons admit the character of the leading liberty-party men to be such as we have described it, but affirm, that corrupt tools are unavoidable in a political organization! As if this argument would not apply with equal force to excuse their remaining in the parties they have left! It is probable that one half of the "liberty" votes in New-England, at least, are thrown by men connected with the old organization—from thoughtlessness, from indolence, or from folly. Let us entreat them to desist from thus destroying with one hand, what they are building up with the other. Let them not support, by their votes, or their subscriptions, men or presses that have proved themselves the deadliest enemies of the movement they believe to be the only hope of the slave. Let them beware of being cajoled or bullied into a support of men and measures, which they have, again and again, denounced as false and unworthy. The new disguise does not alter the nature of the enemy it hides. If they must have a concentration of votes—let them make local and temporary nominations, until the other parties will set up good men and true. If nothing else will serve them, let them form another party with men of clean hands for its leaders. But let them not suffer themselves to be any longer made the dupes and tools of men whom they know to be unworthy of their confidence and support.

E. Q.

O'CONNEL'S PLAN.

At the usual meeting of the repeal association on Monday, the 21st ultimo, the rent for the week was announced to be £1,130. Mr. O'Connell was not present, and the meeting adjourned till next day, when he propounded his plan for the restoration of the Irish parliament, as prepared by a committee.

PLAN FOR THE RENEWED ACTION OF THE IRISH PARLIAMENT.—1st. The Irish people recognize, acknowledge, maintain, and will continually preserve and uphold, the throne of Ireland, her majesty Queen Victoria, (whom God protect!) queen by undoubted right, and by hereditary descent, of Ireland, and her heirs and successors, forever. The people of Ireland recognize, acknowledge, maintain, and will continually preserve and uphold, all the prerogatives of her majesty, and of her heirs and successors belonging to, and inherent in, the imperial crown of Ireland; and they will truly allegiance bear, pure, undivided, and indivisible to her majesty, her heirs, and successors, forever.

2. The people of Ireland acknowledge, and will maintain and preserve forever, the privileges, hereditary and personal, to the peers of Ireland, together with the legislative and judicial authority of the Irish House of Lords, and the exercise of the prerogative in augmenting and limiting the peerage, as the same did of right exist before the year 1800.

3. The people of Ireland do firmly insist upon the restoration of the Irish House of Commons, consisting of 300 representatives of the Irish people, and claim in the presence of their Creator the right of the people of Ireland to such restoration. They have submitted to the union as being binding by law; but they declare solemnly that it is not founded on right, or on constitutional principle, that it is not obligatory upon conscience. They agree with the tory Attorney General Saurin, that the only binding power of the union is the strength of the English domination. They also agree with him that resistance to the Union is in the abstract a duty, and the exhibition of that resistance a mere question of prudence. They will therefore resist the union by all legal, peaceful, and constitutional means.

4. The plan for the restoration of the Irish parliament is as follows:—1. That the county members should be increased to 173 in the manner hereinafter specified. 2. That there should be 127 members returned from cities and towns, in the manner hereinafter mentioned. 3. That the county of Carlow, being the only county in Ireland with less than 100,000 inhabitants, should get an increase of 1 member, so as to have 2 representatives; that every other county having above 100,000 inhabitants, should get an increase of 2 members; that every county ranging above 150,000 inhabitants, should get an increase of 3 members.

That every county ranging above 250,000 inhabitants, should get an increase of 4 members.

That the county of Tipperary, having more than 400,000 inhabitants, but less than 500,000 should get an increase of 8 members.

That the county of Cork, having more than 700,000 inhabitants, should get an increase of 10 members.

5. With respect to the towns and cities, it is proposed that the city of Dublin, having more than 200,000 inhabitants, should have eight representatives; 4 for the parts north of the Liffey, and 4 for the parts south of the Liffey.

That the University of Dublin should continue, on the basis of its present constituency, to send 2 members.

It is proposed that the city of Cork, having more than 100,000 inhabitants, should have 5 members.

That the city of Limerick and town of Belfast, having respectively more than 50,000 inhabitants, should send 3 members each.

It is proposed that the town of Galway and the cities of Waterford and Kilkenny, having respectively more than 20,000 inhabitants, should send each 3 members to parliament.

That other towns having about 7,000 inhabitants should each send two members to parliament, and that 49 other towns, next highest in the ratio of population, should send one member each.

A schedule of the different places to return members to the Irish parliament will show their relative population, and the number of members to be assigned to each was then set forth, and the report proceeded as follows:

The population is taken from the returns of 1831, which, having been made for a different purpose, and without any reference whatever to the repeal of the union, furnish a scale of unquestionable impartiality.

6. It is proposed that the right of voting should be what is called "household suffrage," requiring six months' residence in the counties; with the addition in the towns of married men resident for 12 months, whether householders or not.

7. It is proposed that the mode of voting for members of parliament should certainly be by ballot.

8. The monarch *de facto* of England at all times hereafter, whoever he may be, shall be monarch *de jure* in Ireland. And so in case of future regency, the regent *de facto* in England to be regent *de jure* in Ireland.

9. The connection between Great Britain and Ireland by means of the power, authority and prerogatives of the crown, to be perpetual, and incapable of change, or any severance or separation.

The foregoing plan to be carried into effect according to recognized law and strict constitutional principle.

Signed by order,

From the Herkimer Journal.

BOB TYLER, IRISH REPEAL, AND SLAVERY.

While there are few causes, in our estimation, nobler or more righteous than that of Irish repeal, there is nothing in creation baser or more outrageous than American slavery; and we can conceive of nothing more inconsistent, hypocritical, and insulting, than the professed friendship and sympathy of southern slaveholders, for the oppressed millions of Ireland. To such sympathizers, may be applied, with great pertinence and force, the blistering language of the apostle—"Thou that preachest a man should not steal, *dost thou steal?*" Indeed, we may go further, and say to the slaveholding advocate of Irish repeal, "Thou that abhorrest the unjust taxation and oppression of the poor in Ireland, art thou constantly engaged in the robbery and murder of thy own poor countrymen?" The annexed paragraphs will be found to have a bearing upon this subject.

During the visit of John Tyler and his suite to Boston, in June last, Master Robert, the eldest son of the Accident, made a flaming speech in favor of Irish repeal at the Miller tabernacle, in that city. We did not observe a report of his remar

it in a June number of the New-York Spectator. The young prince brags and swaggers about "liberty" and "freedom" as though neither he or his hopeful father had ever seen a slave in their lives—much less bought, sold, and robbed a large number of the poor creatures, as they have notoriously done all their days. We give below, some brief extracts from master Bobby's performance, taking the liberty to italicize a few words. After flourishing largely about "the honest out-pourings of a heart devoted to *liberty* and justice," he proceeds:

"The Declaration of Independence came like a celestial herald to the earth, to announce the advent of the age of freedom. The loud voice of Uranian liberty broke upon the world, and tyranny trembled at its thrilling accents. As well might the modern Canutes bid the ocean subside at their command, as curb the tide of civilization now swelling up against them, destined to bear mankind in triumph to the enjoyment of full freedom.

The genius of liberty is walking on the face of the waters, and they sustain her footsteps—aye, to the remotest regions of the earth. The prophetic voice of freedom is heard abroad—and the nations of the earth have listened to its cry."

Mark how the soap-lock orator interlards every sentence with "liberty," or "freedom." It takes the slaveholders to boast of such things in the most scientific style. We remember to have seen in the Richmond Enquirer, two or three months ago, an account of an indignation meeting held by the repealers of New Orleans, upon the receipt of O'Connell's famous speech denouncing the slaveholders—at which a *Rev.* J. J. Mallon reported an address and resolutions, chawing up O'Connell terribly for his denunciations, and yet bragging of our glorious "free institutions" beyond all account. The reverend gentleman ranted about the "rights" of the slaveholders, and abused the abolitionists in true pirate style—but "our glorious institutions" was a theme on which he was never tired of dwelling.

In the following passage, in his excessive zeal for the poor Irishmen, Bobby must have forgotten the "niggers," clane entirely:

"*Nature and justice confer certain rights upon all men*, and the operations of nature and justice are not unequal. If an American derive from nature and from nature's God the unwritten character of freedom, an Irish peasant has the same right to enjoy it. [Great applause.] What should make the difference between them? *Are they not both men? Do they not both possess the same physical and intellectual organization? Do they not both stand erect in the face of the same Heaven, kneel at the same shrine, and worship the same God?*"

How could little Bobby be so rash as to utter such atrocious heresies in the ears of American despotism? Could'nt he imagine that the abolition fanatics would instantly seize on this language and perversely apply it to the slaves of the South? "Are they not men?" says he. "Do they not possess the same physical and intellectual organization? Unquestionably, both the Irish and the colored people are more essentially *men* than their oppressors, even though the latter make a great parade of their sympathy for the down-trodden of foreign lands. Take one more extract:

"Ireland, like America, is now in the very act of accomplishing her destiny. I believe that the tide of human feeling cannot be repressed. I believe that the mighty waters of liberty cannot be compressed into the narrow reservoir in which tyrants would retain that mighty ocean.

I believe the man lives who will write the epitaph of Robert Emmet. That dying martyred patriot said that he did not wish his epitaph written, till it was written by a freeman. How touching and sublime the sentiment! I tell you, for myself, I should desire no loftier honor, no prouder task, than to trace with my own hand the record on his tomb."

If that last idea isn't a touch above the vulgar, we are no judge. Only think of a slaveholding fop, the son of a traitor, writing the epitaph of *Robert Emmet!* The sublime absurdity of the idea is equalled only by the brazen impudence of the puppy who broached it.

An intelligent son of the Emerald Isle, after reading this speech of Bob Tyler, the other day, declared in our presence, that he should like nothing so well as to give him a good kick or two. Who can wonder at it?

From the Journal of Commerce.

M. VAN BUREN'S SENTIMENTS ON THE IRISH REPEAL QUESTION.

The Post contains the reply of Mr. Van Buren to a letter addressed to him by a repeal committee of Milledgeville, tendering an invitation to a public meeting to be held on the 4th of July last. We make the following extract:

"Looking to the scrupulous and well-known policy of our government, which prescribes a sedulous avoidance of any act which may have a tendency to bring us within the vortex of foreign influence—a policy which had its origin in the farewell admonitions of the father of his country, as was enforced by the great apostle of civil and religious liberty—there may be honest differences of opinion amongst us, in relation to the extent of the agency which an American citizen can with propriety exercise in controversies involving the internal or external relations of other countries. But in the ardor and sincerity of our wishes for the success of all who labor for the extension of human rights, and our deep and abiding sympathy in the suffering condition of those whose patriotic efforts you desire to aid, all true republicans must be of one mind. I cannot bring myself to believe that an exhibition of opinion by our people favorable to the justice and wisdom of a reform in the political system of another country, to be accomplished, if accomplished at all, by constitutional and legal means, accompanied by an expression also of our fervent wishes for the success of all such means when applied to such ends, however great may be their moral force, can be justly regarded as a censurable departure from a policy so elevated in its origin, and fortunately thoroughly incorporated with the sentiment of this country.

"The fact that an immense majority of the people of Ireland, after an experience of half a century, are thoroughly satisfied that the legislative union, which they desire to abrogate, and which derives all its moral force from being designed to promote their happiness and welfare, has proved ruinous to both, is of itself sufficient to enlist the feelings of every American citizen thoroughly imbued with the spirit in which his own institutions are founded.

"The results of this experience are moreover in harmony with the dictates of reason. No distinct people deprived of a local legislature can be well governed. The nature of man must be changed before any legislative assemblage, wherever convened, or however carefully selected, will be found to legislate for a separate and distinct people, of whose particular wants they must, to some extent at least, be ignorant, and whose interests may not always correspond with their own, as prudently, as wisely, or as usefully, as when passing laws which are to operate directly and equally upon themselves and upon those amongst whom they live. Acting upon this principle, of the entire soundness of which there can be no doubt, the government of the United States have always been careful to confer upon their territorial districts when numbering in population only a few thousands, the right to territorial legislatures chosen by themselves from among themselves, and subject to the same responsibilities to their constituents, as are the representatives of the Federal and State governments.

"Apply these views to Ireland, containing probably eight millions of people, always separate from, and for ages independent of the nation which now exercises most, if not all the prerogatives of sovereignty over her, and it would seem impossible to doubt the justice or utility of the proposed modification of a union, which does not appear ever to have subserved the purposes for which it was originally framed.

"I am, gentlemen, with great respect,
Your most obedient servant,
M. VAN BUREN."

LABORERS MUST BE SLAVES.

Perhaps the free mechanics and farmers of the North, are not aware that this is the prevalent doctrine at the South. But so it is. The leading men there openly avow their belief that our political safety and prosperity, depend upon the reduction of all who do the work of the nation, to the condition of their own bondmen. Hear how they speak of those who live by their own labor. Our fingers tingle with indignation, as we put their impious words into type.

Mr. Pickens, a *democrat*, of South Carolina, said of the opening sentiment of the Declaration, "all men &c,"

"True, it is an abstract truth: but like other mere abstractions, *it can have no actual existence.* I lay down this proposition as universally true, that there is not, nor never was, a society organized under one political system, for a period long enough to constitute an era, where *one class* would not practically and substantially OWN *another class* in some shape or form.

"All society settles down into a classification of capitalists and laborers. The former will own the latter, either collectively, through government, or individually, in a state of domestic servitude, as exists in the southern States of this confederacy. If LABORERS ever obtain the POLITICAL POWER of a country, it is, in fact, in a state of REVOLUTION."

The redoubtable McDuffie, of South Carolina, a democratic United States Senator, thus records his testimony:

"In the very nature of things there must be classes of persons to discharge all the different offices of society, from the highest to the lowest. Some of these offices are regarded as *degraded*, although they must and will be performed. Hence, those manifold forms of dependent servitude, which produce a sense of superiority in the masters or employers, and of the inferiority on the part of the servants. *Where these offices are performed by members of the political community, a dangerous element* is obviously introduced into the body politic. *Hence, the alarming tendency* TO VIOLATE THE RIGHTS OF PROPERTY BY AGRARIAN LEGISLATION, which is beginning to be manifest in the older States where UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE prevails, *without domestic slavery.*

"In a word, the institution of domestic slavery supercedes the necessity of an order of nobility, and all the other appendages of a hereditary system of government."

John C. Calhoun, the only available candidate of the democracy for the next presidential campaign, probably, thus frees his mind:

"We regard slavery, as the most safe and simple basis for free institutions in the world. It is impossible with us, that the conflict can take place between labor and capital, which makes it so difficult to establish and maintain free institutions in all wealthy and civilized nations, where such institutions do not exist. Every plantation is a little community, *with the master at its head, who concentrates in himself the united interests of capital and labor, of which he is the common representative.*"

Benjamin Watkins Leigh, a Virginia whig, declares that "the man who depends on his labor for support, is *unfit to enter into political affairs.*"

CASE OF THE M'CLENACHANS.

Rumors have prevailed that these persons were pardoned by Governor Porter. A petition for that purpose has been got up. A public meeting was called in Norristown, under the name of "friends of liberty and equal rights," for the purpose of expressing sympathy with the prisoners. When assembled and organized, it appeared that a majority were opposed to the object, whereupon the minority, including the president, vice-president, and secretaries, withdrew to the piazza of the building, and there passed resolutions declaring the M'Clenachans good and unsullied citizens, and Mr Aaron a hypocrite, slanderer, &c. In their report, they take care to intimate that they retired to the piazza because the room was too small to contain them: and we should not have learned the real cause if those, who remained behind, had not organized, and passed resolves, from which we select the following:

Resolved, That taverns or inns, are licensed for public accommodation, and are emphatically public establishments: and any person has a right, fully and freely, to examine, comment upon, and discuss, (either by speaking, writing, or printing,) the propriety and utility of their existence, or the manner in which they are conducted.

Resolved, That any person, who, to redress a real or supposed injury, takes the law in his own hands, and deliberately metes out punishment to another, is an enemy to good order and civil government, and thereby throws contempt upon the constitution and laws of his country, and deserves not only the extreme penalty of the law violated, but the condemnation of every good citizen.

Resolved, That the attack upon Mr. Aaron by the M'Clenachans, was not only illegal, but cowardly and brutal in the extreme, and made without any shadow of justification, as was made evident by the examination before the court; and was, as stated by the president judge, who tried the case, the most terrible outrage that ever came under our notice.

Communications.

LETTERS ON SLAVERY, ADDRESSED TO AMERICAN WIVES AND MOTHERS.

BY H. M. TRACY.

"And they said one to another, We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul, when he besought us, and we would not hear."

LETTER V.

AN INQUIRY INTO THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

The subject of this communication, will by no means flatter the spirit tof self-commendation that we so naturally indulge. We love to feel that we have faithfully discharged every duty; but are we always ready to inquire how far our obligations really extend? I doubt not, there are thousands of American wives and mothers, who freely admit that slavery is a great sin; but they never, for a moment, feel that they are in the least accountable for its existence. Such will probably inquire with earnestness, "Why force upon us the consideration of a subject, which brings no pleasing associations, and has not even the charm of novelty to recommend it?" They will plead their entire innocence, and seek to know all the responsibility of its continuance upon those who frame the laws. Surely, those who thus reason, have forgotten the high rank they hold in society. To those who look upon woman in the retirement of domestic life, so engrossed by the cares of a rising family, as to seem to live for no other purpose, she may at first view, seem divested of all responsibility in this matter. But such is not the condition of the mass of American women. Enter the family circle, and speak of the claims of the great rival parties in our land, and see how quickly the eye of the wife brightens with an expression of intelligence, and how readily she responds to the sentiments of her husband. She has often heard of these things, and takes a deep interest in them. And can she really be ignorant of the woes of the oppressed? Admit her to be what was at first supposed, she is nevertheless not free from responsibility. She knows that she lives under a government that professes to secure her own personal rights. She knows, too, that there are others living under the same government, to whom these rights are denied.

Justice and humanity require that she should inquire into the *cause* of this difference; and if she finds them the subjects of mere arbitrary legislation, enslaved for no crime, has the free woman of this land no responsibility?

Who shall answer for it, if her sons grow up oppressors, and her daughters disregard the rights of others? What Christian will pretend that it is not the mother's duty to instruct her children in religious truth? And what is here required, but to teach the young mind to obey the precepts of the gospel in relation to one class of human beings? She may sometimes feel, that in this she is doing little, yet who shall dare to say that the constant and prayerful efforts of a mother, are insignificant? The character of succeeding generations will receive an indelible stamp from those who are now mothers. If we venerate human nature, because it bears the impress of an Almighty hand, will our children be likely to treat human beings with contempt? I am fully persuaded that if American mothers were limited in their exertions to their own families, the evil is yet within their power. True, they might not live to hear the crash of the falling ruins, but they might die in the full assurance that their sons would not be slow to accomplish the work to which they had been early dedicated, by faithful instructions, and earnest prayer. Perhaps I cannot too strongly press this point upon the consideration of mothers. I fear that too many forget that it is their province, their indisputable right, their undeniable duty, to see that their children form correct habits and principles. If our duty in this respect has been neglected, where is our plea of innocence? Our children are placed in our hands with capacities, but not with principles. These it is our prerogative to impart, and carefully cultivate, that we may boldly lay claim to the promises made to the faithful mother. If, then, the rising generation shall go on in the ways of oppression, as their fathers have done, a fearful weight of guilt will rest upon those who might have written on their hearts the law of justice, truth, and benevolence.

But the duties of women are by no means thus circumscribed. They are held responsible in a far higher degree. If I may be allowed the expression, they form the understructure of our national edifice. It is allowed by all who have thoroughly investigated the philosophy of mind, that a judicious wife exercises a most important influence upon a husband's character. Indeed, it has been confidently asserted, that some of the greatest minds have been led to make far greater attainments than they otherwise would have done, through the well-directed influence of their companions.

The late Sir Wm. Jones, known to the world as a man of extraordinary attainments in legal and moral science, declared that the elevation of his character was, in a great measure, attributable to the encouragements and aids received from his inestimable wife. We ought to feel that it is for us to give a correct tone to present public sentiment. If we do not, and the nation continues to sin, are we guiltless?

But it is not in the capacity of wives and mothers alone that we are held responsible. Our obligations to our Creator, for the riches of His love towards us, lay us under a stronger bond of duty than any other consideration. Again, by the Christian system, we are not merely regarded in the capacity of citizens of a particular country, as connected only by national bonds, but we are bound to consider ourselves as members of one vast family, united together by common interests, and dependent upon one great Father. Were our nation freed from the curse of slavery, yet if it existed upon the face of the earth, Christian philanthropy would lead us to plead for its overthrow. We should look upon it as one of the greatest obstacles to the general spread of the gospel, and consequently as demanding an important part of missionary labor. We should look upon it as indeed destroying the most noble attributes of the human character. We should find that in proportion to the prevalence of true liberty, the great purposes of benevolence were answered. How much greater then are our obligations, since the wrong is in our own borders.

But am I here met with the stale objection, "We are women, and have no concern in the formation of national or State institutions? Why, when we have no voice in legislative councils, seek to make us accessories to the guilt?" Because American women are verily guilty. Do they not, in many instances, even hold their sisters as property. And do they not, with their own hands, inflict those cruel chastisements that make the heart of humanity bleed? Are not the daughters of American mothers, the wives of slaveholding planters? Are not those the sons of American mothers, who, in the councils of the nation, seek to strengthen the bands of wickedness? These have once been in your power, and are you not in a great degree responsible for their characters? How then are you guiltless? Would you feel that you had done your duty in the temperance cause, because you did not partake of the poisonous beverage, while your friends and neighbors, perhaps even your own children, were its victims, and you had raised no warning voice? Would you reason thus in relation to any other of the great moral reforms of the day? And yet what vice is more thoroughly identified with the nation? What sin so tenaciously fastens itself upon us as a people, and even claims respect and protection? I know of none, nor is there one that can be named, that seems so fully to patronize every other vice. If you doubt this, look at the state of society at the South. See their horse-racing, gambling, drunkenness, and profanity, their dueling and their cold-blooded murders, and say if slavery does not foster vice. Can you point out a spot at the North, where the same amount of vice prevails, even under the most corrupting influence? Look, too, at the mixed color of the slaves, which so loudly declares the vice of the land. The truth is, the great mass of slaves are allied by blood to their oppressors. Can this state of society have continued for years, and yet American mothers plead that they have done their duty? Had the women of this land arisen in the majesty of injured virtue, and pleaded for the rights of their oppressed, degraded sisters, demanding their restoration in the name of justice and humanity, the system must, long ere this, have fallen before their thrilling eloquence, as did the walls of Jericho before the sound of the trumpets of Joshua's host. If, then, it is in the power of the women of this nation to overthrow slavery, are we not responsible for its continuance? Shall we withhold our influence, or shall our united efforts, and our fervent prayers, bear daily testimony that we feel for our sisters in bondage, as bound with them?

COLORPHOBIA ON A CANAL BOAT.

On my way home from Philadelphia, a few days since, I witnessed an outbreak of the spirit of prejudice against color, at which humanity wept, and Satan rejoiced.

We exchanged the cars at Harrisburg for the canal packet, Juniata, of the Pioneer line, J. Hoffman, master. At that place, a young and respectable-looking colored man, (nearly white, however,) came on board, in company with an elderly white man, who it seemed was his father; at least, it was so stated by the colored man, during the transaction of the scene I am about to relate. There were about fifty passengers on board.—After passing a few miles on our way, supper was called, and we all sat down, the colored man with the rest. All passed off well enough, except a few low murmurs of dissatisfaction from the captain, which I happened to overhear. The next morning, however, the symptoms of displeasure were more decided. The low murmur broke out now a rampant howl, though from another source. As we all took our seats at the breakfast table, a tall and majestic slaveholder from Louisiana, addressed the colored man, who sat opposite to him, with these words, in a very lordly and authoritative manner:—"Young man, I am authorized to state that you cannot be permitted to sit at this table, but must have a side table to yourself." I was confounded, and looked around the table to see if I was alone. From what I could read in the countenances of a majority of the passengers, I concluded the tyrant's command met a response. The colored man attempted to vindicate his right to sit there, and his father remarked that he thought it a hard case; and that if his son had to leave the table, he would also. The slaveholder replied, in his lordly way, that, "To make a long story short, if that *nigger* is allowed to sit here, *I* shall not. As to you, (addressing himself to the father,) we admit that you are a white man, but we cannot sit with that *thing*"—pointing to the son.—A northern aristocrat said he thought it "a very clear case," (that is, that the colored man should be driven from the table.) A vote was taken, and he was expelled; all voting for slavery, except three; two of whom were foreigners—a man and his wife, I fancied, who seemed to take no interest for or against humanity. The slaveholder, and two or three other southerners, (whether slaveholders or not, I do not know,) together with several northern dough-faces, seemed to exult mightily at their *humane* triumph!

After breakfast, the slaveholder and others on deck were conversing upon the matter, and upon slavery and abolition in general. A proud, pro-slavery individual of Pittsburgh, who was very intently engaged the most of the time in reading the life of Napoleon, with whose character he appeared to be enraptured, says to the slaveholder, "You had an unpleasant duty to perform this morning." (Thinks I to myself, what kind of a duty? Not one that he owed God and humanity, I am sure.) He continued his remarks thus: "Public opinion in Pennsylvania, you will find, is very pure and correct on the subject of abolition. Among other evidences of this, was the breaking up of an anti-slavery meeting in Philadelphia recently by a mob." How immaculate, indeed, must be the public opinion that instigates to mobs and riots.

I had some conversation with the slaveholder upon the wickedness of slavery. He soon sought refuge in the Bible—said that Christ had never condemned the system, when upon earth—that the apostles were slaveholders—that slavery always had existed, and always would exist—and that the colored race were inferior, and were designed for slaves. I endeavored to show him the fallacy of such arguments—how utterly at war they were with every benevolent principle, and every Godlike attribute. But I might as well have reasoned with a whirlwind, for all the effect it seemed to produce. A supreme hatred of the colored race rankled in his soul.

I doubt not the captain was one of the chief actors in this interesting drama—though he stood behind the curtain—and that it was a preconcerted plan between him and the slaveholder. Among those who voted against human rights, were two *bespectacled* clergymen, and a Menonite, which sect claims to be *ultra* anti-slavery; but this man's course did not indicate it. I had some conversation also with one of the clergymen, in which he betrayed a greater love for popularity than for truth and righteousness. This, however, is no rare thing with the priesthood, nor, indeed, with the greater part of mankind. "To be seen of men," and to be talked of by men," is the reigning principle in the minds of thousands. To win the approbation of God, is lost sight of in the desire to please the world.

The colored man left the boat at Lewistown that same day, about 11 o'clock, having gone without his breakfast. At the same time that he was driven from the table, another colored man was waiting upon it, reaching the dishes to them, and pouring out their coffee, &c. But they could see no incongruity in this; *he* was in his place. Abolitionists, I think, would do well to bear their testimony against this boat, so long as it is infected with the spirit of caste, by withholding their patronage from it. Indeed, I was glad to exchange tickets with a fellow-passenger, and take the stage at Hollidaysburg, on a different line. The atmosphere seemed so tainted with slavery, that I could scarcely breathe freely; and the company of these tyrants felt as uncongenial to me as mine appeared to be to them. M. A. T.

New Brighton, Pa. 9th mo. 1843.

NATIONAL LIBERTY CONVENTION.

MR. EDITOR—Permit me through the columns of the Standard, to correct a statement made by Mr. Garnet, at the late liberty convention in the city of Buffalo. Mr. Garnet used the following language: "We, the colored people, have held a national convention, and in that convention we adopted the views of the liberty party; and the resolution was adopted, with but two opposing votes; and I am sorry to say that those two were from Massachusetts. I need not tell you who they were," meaning Remond and Douglas. Now, I ask, where in the name of heaven did Mr. Garnet learn that there were but two opposing votes to that resolution? I am sure he did not learn it in the convention. Mr. Garnet knew, as did every member of that convention, that there were more than two that voted against the resolution adopting the views of the liberty party; yet Mr. Garnet singled out Remond and Douglas as the only ones that voted against the resolution. Why did he single them out? If he wished to single out two, why did he not single out some other two? I am sure he might have done it with propriety. Knowing that six or seven voted against the resolution, he comes out in presence of one or two thousand people, and says that there were but two opposing votes, and that those two were from Massachusetts. Did Mr. Garnet say so because Remond and Douglas were the agents of the American Anti-Slavery Society? or did he wish to carry the impression that Remond and Douglas were not the friends of the slave? I ask, what could have been his motive in making that statement? Are not Remond and Douglas the friends of the slave? Who was it that came to Buffalo, and by their eloquence and enthusiasm in behalf of bleeding humanity, called thousands to hear them, and greet them with thunders of applause? Who was it that tore the veil of prejudice from the eyes of the whites of this city? Who was it that came here when the doors of the churches were barred, and with their mighty voices caused them to open to the friends of the slave? Who are we mainly indebted to for the great change in public sentiment in this city? The unanimous voice of Buffalo will answer, Abby Kelley, George Bradburn, C. Lenox Remond, and Frederic Douglas. It was they that came here and prepared the citizens of this city to receive friend Garnet, and the rest of those talented men that have visited Buffalo within the past summer; yet, according to Mr. Garnet, everybody was liberty party men in the national colored convention, but C. Lenox Remond and Frederic Douglas. When I see such quibbling, by such men as Henry Highland Garnet, it makes me tremble for the fate of the slave at the hands of political parties. I am willing that Mr. Garnet should receive all the praise that he can from his political friends; but as a member of the convention, I am not willing that he should misrepresent the convention.

Now, I challenge Mr. Garnet to repeat, that there were but two that opposed the passage of the resolution adopting the views of the third party.

I am, with respect, the public's obedient servant,
WILLIAM W. BROWN.

Buffalo, N. Y. Sept. 26, 1843.

CHARLES MARRIOTT.

HUDSON, 9th mo. 24th, 1843.

To Isaac T. Hopper—Dear Friend,—Thine, of 9th mo. 19th, came to hand, and would have received an earlier reply had my engagements permitted it. Thou asks for information respecting the state of mind of our mutual friend, Charles Marriott, during his last illness; stating that thou hast had conflicting reports respecting it. I will cheerfully proceed to comply with thy request. He left New-York on the 26th of 6th mo. to visit his sister, Margaret M. Hyatt. They arrived at Hudson about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and before proceeding to his sister's, he called upon me, and conversed nearly half an hour very cheerfully. There was not the least appearance of dejection about him. I saw him once afterwards, in town, when he again maintained the same cheerfulness of spirit. Hearing that he was more unwell, I visited him, and found him weaker as to bodily strength; but still there was the same cheerful, sweet frame of mind, and he was altogether capable of conversing rationally upon any subject. The next night, I watched by his bed-side. He was by turns a little wandering; but after waking from sleep, in a few moments his recollection would return. As his sickness progressed, however, the lucid intervals were of shorter duration; he remained remarkably mild in his manner, and never once, in the whole course of his sickness, spoke harshly of any person. In about a week's time, I again staid a night by his bed-side, and found him much in the same state; and as near as I can learn, he continued in the same frame of mind to the close. Absence from home deprived me from being with him as much as I otherwise should have been; but those who were with him during his illness, as well as occasional visitors, bear the same testimony as to the quiet, peaceful frame of mind manifest through the whole of his sickness; a state entirely in accordance with the purity and devoted excellence of his character during life. He seemed to have come to the conclusion, previous to leaving the city, that his day's work was about done. As proof of this, I give thee, by permission of his dear sisters, extracts from the two last letters he wrote. In one to his sister, of 6th mo. 6th, he says: "My health is not apparently improving. It has frequently appeared to be gradually sinking; although as capable of enjoying the blessings of life and health as ever. I have enjoyed heretofore, largely, all that *they* could give, and it has sometimes appeared most desirable that I should be released from the trials of life before very long. But a state of perfect acquiescence is most of all desirable, and that I may finish my day's work in the day time, faithfully." In another letter of later date, 6th mo. 15th, he says: "Few would suppose me sick enough to cause any great apprehension as to the result; but life is always uncertain, and a comfortable impression that all will be well, either way has been afforded; and this is all I ask. I am not without an apprehension that my death would do more good than my recovery." In connection with the foregoing, I give his remarks to two Friends (known to me) who called to see him during his sickness. He remarks to them, "I have all along doubted whether I should rise above this sickness; and perhaps it will be best that I should be taken away. It might be the means of leading some to serious reflections; and willingly would I lay down my life, (it would be a cheap sacrifice,) if it would be the means of awakening Friends to the necessity of bearing a more faithful testimony against slavery." At another time, during his illness, he raised his languid eyes to his affectionate attendants, and said: "When a view opens to us with clearness, we should give it every attention we possibly can;" and soon after added, "Remember the cause of suffering humanity." First day evening, the 3d of 9th mo. he had a spasm, during which, it was thought he was going. He recovered, however, and in a short time, taking his little nephew by the hand, repeated his name, and continued to look upon him affectionately. His mother said, thou wishes him to be a good boy? He answered, "Yes, and a good man, too; and that he may do his duty, regardless of consequences." He added after a pause, "There is an overruling power." To his sisters he said, "Do your duty, and you will have your reward;" and in reply to a remark of a sister, he added, "I have *endeavored* to do mine." During the whole of his illness, not an expression of impatience escaped him. For the last few days of his stay, he was not able to express much, but the same covering of tenderness and love was sensibly perceived. Twice during the last night, he laid his hand in that of an affectionate sorrowing sister, and distinctly said, "Farewell."

Thus I have given thee a running sketch of the closing part of this good man's life. The *law of love* was the governing principle in his mind during a state of health, and we behold the blessed effects of it during sickness, and in his last moments. From an intimate acquaintance with him, of long standing, I have not a shadow of doubt in my own mind that he had witnessed this blessed principle to become so far perfected in himself, as for all fear to be cast out. I greatly desire that this may more and more be the individual experience of all professors of the Christian name, believing that the day has come wherein mankind will more generally be tried by their *works* than their *professions*. The religion of Jesus is *a religion of love and good works*, and leads into that state of feeling in which we can embrace every individual of the whole human family, as descendants of the great universal Father, and equally the objects of divine love as ourselves.

Affectionately thy friend,
AARON C. MACY.

TO THE VOTING ABOLITIONISTS OF CHESTER COUNTY.

CHESTER COUNTY, PA. 9th mo. 20, 1843.

The undersigned committee of the board of managers of the County Anti-Slavery Society, having been appointed to propound suitable interrogatories to the congressional and legislative candidates of both parties, relative to their opinions concerning Pennsylvania's connection with southern slavery, avail themselves of the Standard to give timely notice to their anti-slavery friends throughout the county, that they have addressed a number of interrogatories to the several candidates for Congress, and the State legislature, through the political papers of the county, embracing such points as are vitally essential to the success of our cause; and requiring answers through the *same channel*. At least, we have aimed and made effort to address these candidates through the source of these political papers—one of our number having been delegated to wait upon the editors—which resulted in a promise from *one* of them, (the democratic,) that they should have a place in the "Republican," and from the two whig editors, that *they thought* they should publish them, *unless*, upon examination and reflection they should believe their publication *would injure the whig cause at the approaching election.*

The queries were accompanied by a "statement," explanatory of their nature and pressing importance; and if none of the candidates should answer *favorably*, and their refusal thus to answer be *aggravated* by the refusal of the whig editors to publish our queries, we only have to fold our arms, and crave of every anti-slavery voter in our county, that he will not forget his fidelity to the slave, and *his repeated pledges*, by voting for a single one of them. Within a few months "the anti-slavery pledge" has been adopted *unanimously* by *two large* conventions of abolitionists in this county; and shall it be forgotten at the very *test moment* of its sincerity? Shall it be broken at the *only* period of its utility? Forbid it, consistency! forbid it, every hope and aspiration for the slave's redemption! Let every partisan feeling which would lead us to forget suffering millions in this *trial* moment of our faith, be flung to the winds, or trampled beneath our feet. What! shall the paltry considerations connected with the success of either party, weigh down our acknowledged conviction of the power of certain instrumentalities to free from cruel hands nearly three millions of our suffering countrymen? Shall we again betray our faithlessness, and make our *pledges* and professions a mockery, and thereby merit the blistering denunciations we should pour upon *such friends*, in case WE were the victims of tyranny? No, no! it shall not be. Long enough have we been schooled in the hollow pretensions of parties; henceforth we dedicate ourselves to *freedom*, and not to party, or partisans.

And further, should one or more of the candidates of *either* party answer *favorably*, we beseech every friend of the cause within the limits of the county, who feels free to exercise the right, to take the pains and trouble, however much, if not unreasonable, to give his vote for such candidate, *irrespective* of party; that so they may not upbraid us with giving them but a lukewarm and partial support, after *they have* run the hazard of losing votes, (in *their* opinion,) by making such answers.—Faithfulness on our part will easily ca[rry] the election in our county, and will teach both par[ties] the necessity of *consulting*, hereafter, *this influence*, [before] they calculate upon success.

We have not deemed it necessary to occupy space here, by inserting the queries, as all who may be more particularly concerned, may see them in one, at least, of our local papers.

This course of interrogating through the political papers, has been dictated in conformity with the high ground we have assumed, and righteously taken, of voting only for "outspoken opponents" of our present connection with slavery. Shall we occupy this ground on the 10th of next month? or shall we occupy it all the year, *excepting* that day? The result will testify.

Watchfully, your friends in the cause,
EZRA GRAY,
J. WILLIAMS THORN, } *Com.*
J. FULTON, jr.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, OCT. 5, 1843.

POLITICS OF ANTI-SLAVERY.

(Continued.)

To have power over a man's bread, is to have power over his actions. This is an old saying, and however humbling to the pride of philosophy, or afflicting to the Christian philanthropist, it is almost universally true. In all the official changes in our country, from the accession of Jefferson, to the present day, there have been very few instances of a man's sacrificing office to principle. Instances of the reverse are numerous enough, in every city, county, and village. We cannot help reflecting, with astonishment, that in all the mean and vile proscriptions of subordinate officers in all departments of the government, there never yet has been an example of a partisan declining to accept an office at the expense of the despair and misery of the incumbent and his family. We speak of cases where the incumbent is honest, competent, experienced in all the duties of his post, and dependent upon it for the support of his family. That no such examples have occurred, or that they have not been frequent, speaks ill of the moral and social condition of our republic. How often have we witnessed the spectacle, so exasperating on the one hand, and so demoralizing on the other, of gray headed and trusty servants of the public, thrust out to make room for the inexperienced, the idle, and the profligate—for men who had no recommendation, save the low arts of the demagogue, and the unscrupulous hardihood of the thorough-paced partisan! Sad and manifold experience has shown us how seductive is this system to our young men, the best hopes of every community; how perilous to the public interests, and degrading to the national character. By this course of things, youthful ambition has been corrupted, and decoyed from independent and honorable exertion; by this, the crowning honors which should await patient industry and tried integrity, have been snatched away; by this, the public treasures have been laid open, in all parts, to peculation, peculation so general that it has almost ceased to be disreputable; by this, our political contests have been tainted with corruption, and envenomed with hate. To [s]lavery—slavery, these evils are mainly chargeable. [It has] reversed the moral government of God. It prostitutes the power of this great country to the reward of vice and the punishment of virtue.

As England used to buy up the discontented, the envious, and ambitious in Scotland, to betray their country and their country's friends, so have the Southrons bought up Yankees and Dutchmen to betray the interests of freemen and the cause of liberty. There is, however, this important difference. The Englishmen rewarded out of their own treasures, the treachery of Scotchmen; but we are *robbed* to pay for being betrayed!

We have heard it said that "an office seeker did not dare to come within gunshot of Washington." It is matter of history that he refused to give offices to old friends, and companions in the revolution, because he believed them unfit for the duties thereof; and that on the other hand, he appointed to some of the most important offices, men whom he personally disliked, deeming them the most capable of serving their country. How is it now? The rule is completely reversed; and the President is beset by crowds of bloated and loaferish office mendicants. His mansion is a white slave bazaar. Formerly, office went from the seat of government to seek the good men; now, bad men go to the seat of government to seek offices.

Is it denied that this state of things has been brought about by the influence of slavery—by the policy now pursued for forty years, of buying white slaves in the North, to be the body-guards of the holders of black slaves in the South? If it be denied, then we ask, why is it that the contemptible tyranny of carrying proscription to petty post-masters, tide-waiters, and *letter carriers*, is confined to the free States? The proscriptive system is unknown in the slave States. They have no need of it there. A large majority are madly devoted to slavery, and the rest dare not, for their lives, do or say anything against it. Hence, there is no occasion for purchasing support for slavery in the slave States. And lucky is this for the oligarchy, who have so long oppressed and disgraced us; for they need the treasury and the offices, to secure the fidelity of their "Swiss allies" in the North. We do not think that those allies have been confined to either of the great political parties; but we do think that a broad distinction is in this respect to be made between them. That distinction we will, with the blessing of God, on historical facts establish; with no fear but of Him before our eyes—with no aim but to serve His cause, in our hearts.

SLAVES AND MISSIONS.—KIDNAPPING IN ILLINOIS.

Mr. Lafon, a Virginian by birth, and afterwards a Missourian, delivered a lecture at Classical Hall, Brooklyn, on Thursday evening, 28th ult. He was a slaveholder by inheritance and by trade, until the agitation of this subject had commenced in the East, and he had determined to take the Bible as the rule of his life. He then emancipated his slaves, and soon after proceeded to the Sandwich Islands, in the service of the A. B. C. F. M.

The first position which Dr. Lafon took, was that the great obstacle which missionaries have to contend with, is an extreme degradation of mind in the heathen, caused by oppression. With all our missions, the leading idea is to raise the mind from the sensual and brutal state to which oppression has reduced it. Till this is done, no progress can be made in teaching the heathen the truths of the Christian religion.

An American missionary leaves his home, kindred, and country, to devote himself to the work of rescuing souls from heathenish darkness. How can he feel strengthened for this labor, when he reflects that at home millions are reduced, and more are every day being reduced, to that very state of mental degradation which is found in the heathen to be the great obstacle to m[is]sionary and religious instruction and reformation?

About thirty years ago, the missionary operations of the United States commenced. During this period, the exertions of Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, and Episcopalian societies and missionaries had all, in all countries, gained less than *fifty thousand* converts to the Christian faith; meantime, the number of heathen gained in the United States to the side of Satan, had been *one and a half millions!* The converts abroad had been but a trifle more than *one thousand* a year, while those lost at home had been *sixty thousand a year.* And suppose we go on in the same blind and fatal way, for thirty years to come? With all the advantages of languages acquired, translations completed and printed, we shall have made, at the very highest calculation, *one hundred thousand* converts from heathenism, while in the same time we shall have doomed to heathenism at home, no less than *three millions!*

Now, our missionary efforts were going on under the direction, and by the contributions, in part, of men engaged in this work of sacrificing human victims to Moloch, at such a rate at home, while they were affecting to snatch here and there a victim from the bloody altars of idolatry, erected in distant regions. Oh, this hypocrisy is awful and fearful.

"The offense is rank—it smells to Heaven."

The Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions say that "they can sustain no relation to slavery, which implies approbation of it;" and yet, while they say this, they are receiving a part of the price of blood. Does it imply no approbation of theft, (and we call slaveholding robbery,) to partake of the things stolen? Suppose any other kind of thieves should be permitted to have their representatives sitting on the American Board of Commissioners, the most exalted missionary body in the land, would it not imply approbation of the character and employment of those thieves? Would it not encourage and confirm them in crime?

The Sandwich Island mission had had this subject before them for years. They had sent home remonstrances and entreaties on the subject; but during years of protesting, soliciting, and praying, they had been able to move the Board to no action, except the *suppression of all their representations!* The Board couldn't discriminate, forsooth, betwixt slave contributions and others. This implied that they themselves thought it desirable to discriminate, and a duty to do it, if they could!—Could they not simply say, as O'Connell had done, that they did not want "blood-stained money?" If they would just say that, such money would not be sent, and they would be saved the trouble of discriminating.

Some of the missionaries had now renounced all support from the Board, and had determined to labor for their support with their own hands, rather than live by contributions out of the wages of iniquity. Those missionaries were obliged, in consequence, to leave the missionary houses

of paying the fine, so that he might return to his family.

Mr. B. concluded by saying that Owen Lovejoy, brother of the murdered Lovejoy, had two indictments pending against him, one for giving *a pair of shoes to an old woman*, and the other for *giving a dinner to a man*; that in all probability he would not get off without paying twelve hundred dollars fine and costs! Notwithstanding this persecution, there were those who stood ready to help the poor fugitive. About seven hundred have escaped the past year.

This narrative excited deep feeling, and it was proposed (as the number present was not large, and not prepared to take up another contribution,) to have a distinct meeting for the purpose. We wish it success. If Mr. B. felt disposed to get an address ready, describing more at large the state of the cause, and the sort of opposition it meets with in Illinois, he would probably interest a great many, and do good to the cause of liberty and justice, as well as to himself.

INDIAN REGATTA.

Thursday last was a day, which drew an acre of New-Yorkers to Hoboken. It was to see a boat race between five Chippewa Indians and squaw, and four expert city oarsmen, named Ludlow, who had been engaged in many contests of the kind before. When I reached the water, the boats had started, and were already about three miles distant, rowing against stream and tide. They appeared to be about even. The spectators were strolling about the Elysian Fields, so called, or crowded in a dense line along the margin of the river, and watching intently the progress of the boats. At the distance of four miles they turned the flag, previously erected as the goal, and started on their return with great rapidity; still the parties appeared about even, and considerable betting took place. For myself, I had a hearty wish that the Indians should beat, because, as one of the spectators expressed it, they had been so persecuted that I wanted them to have a happy afternoon. I addressed myself to some boys, inquiring which side they were in favor of. They promptly replied, "The Indians!" and this was undoubtedly the general sentiment. In my heart I thanked the people for the generous wish, and felt encouraged to hope better things for the races unfortunately dependent upon our national justice and benevolence. As the boats shot down the Hudson towards us, all seemed to think that the Indians were ahead, and it was not until the moment that the Ludlows swept in some fifty yards ahead that they reluctantly gave up the pleasant illusion. But there was no cheering. Had this result been the reverse, I have no doubt that merry shouts would have rent the air. The Indians bore their defeat with the patient and stoical expression habitual to them. Their canoe was made of tin instead of birch-bark, and painted red. It was fifteen to twenty feet in length, and their paddles about five feet. The Ludlows rowed their boat very vigorously and beautifully. They deserve much credit for resisting, as I am informed they did, a temptation to impose upon the public by shamming beat, so that another match might be got up, greatly to the gain of certain individuals.

At Hoboken, I saw also, some weeks back, the "buffalo hunt." The prospectus of this affair was very taking, and brought together as much as three acres of citizens and citizenesses. When a herd of real live buffaloes had walked all the way from the prairies for the amusement of the Manhattaners, they could do no less than go over the ferry to see them.

An area of thirty acres, perhaps, was enclosed by two parallel fences, forming a lane all round. This lane was the hunting ground, and the area the station of the spectators. The buffaloes were in a close pent-house, hard by. Pretty soon a mounted harlequin galloped forth. He wore a purple velvet cap and feather, a jerkin of bright colors, embroidered and fringed, and he carried a long *lasso*, like the riders of the Pampas. As this fantastic figure bobbed round the area looking like an urchin on a hobby horse, the immense multitude swayed to and fro, raising some shouts, and good deal of laughter. This sally of the horseman, which was apparently designed to ascertain whether all was right, having terminated, several false signals of the appearance of the buffaloes were made in various parts of the field, which caused a good deal of useless running and scrambling. The creatures were finally let out, but they showed no disposition to run. They looked as if they were homesick. Pretty soon they were kicked and pushed by the horse and harlequin, and another mounted man, into some sincere but very distressing endeavors at jumping and running. The poor things did their best to keep out of the way, but they succeeded very imperfectly. When they had made about two-thirds of the circuit, a piece of the interior fence, apparently by accident, but I presume by previous arrangement, (though not "mentioned in the bills,") fell, and let the whole seven buffaloes into the people. Oh, what scampering, screaming, and climbing was there! The fright and confusion were momentary. It was immediately perceived that there was no difficulty in the people's keeping out of the way of the buffaloes; the trouble was to make the buffaloes keep out of the way of the people, who now began to chase them in all directions. A man caught one by the tail, and seemed disposed to try the experiment of seeing how far he could swing him; but the tail was too short to hold on. The boys and loafers became mad in the pursuit of mischief, and drove the creatures into the crowds and quagmires, and it was only in their endeavors to avoid scrapes of this kind, that the poor abused animals developed any considerable activity. I heard a little boy complain to his mother that "the buffaloes didn't act bad a bit," while the compassionate mother thought "it was cruel to race them so." The chase was somewhat enlivened at intervals by some quiet old cows that were feeding in the adjacent lots, (for fences were soon prostrate,) and by the road side, joining in the race, and flinging their tails to the wind. They seemed to be actuated by a good-natured wish to help on the thing. The pigs of the village showed themselves equally amiable, and employed some of their leisure in increasing very much the hilarity of the occasion. They engaged with such vigor and spirit in the sport, as often to take the lead of the whole posse. One of them was detained from the best of it, by a quarrel with a dog in a mud-puddle. They barked and squealed, bit each other's tails, splashed about, and threw dirty water, as bad as two editors just before an election.

Some unhappy accidents attended this affair. One young Irishman fell from a tree in consequence of a limb snapping, and soon after died. Two or three fell from the crowded ferry boats, but were rescued without serious injury.

I almost forgot to speak of the exercise of the lasso, which made an important figure in the prospectus. I saw the horseman flourishing it at a distance, and afterwards saw it actually noosed round the horn of a buffalo. Whether it had been thrown, or the animal had stood still, (as he doubtless would have done with pleasure,) for it to be tied, I am unable to say. At any rate the people were sceptical of the harlequin's art in this respect, though they were well convinced of it in others. I was informed that after my departure, some openly expressed their contempt of him and his bit o'yarn; whereupon he challenged them to a trial of it upon themselves; and the challenge being accepted, he threw out his yarn, caught one fairly round the body, and putting spurs to his steed, made the unbeliever tramp like a wild horse on the Pampas, to the infinite diversion of their majesties, the sovereign people.

Since this affair, the harlequin horseman and his buffaloes have repeated the *divertissement* before the Philadelphians with a very disastrous result. It appears that some savage and unforgiving spectator took up the subject of the deficiencies of those poor cattle, with a severity, which we of Gotham never thought of indulging; and possessing himself of a pole, poked the humbugger, as he was pleased to call the master spirit of these entertainments, from his horse with such injury, that he was taken up and carried to the hospital. I hope he will soon be well, for there have been many things worse than "the buffalo hunt."

PHILADELPHIA CITY AND COUNTY ELECTION.

The voters of the city and county of Philadelphia are invited to call at the Anti-Slavery Office, No. 31 North 5th street, at any time after the 5th instant, and obtain tickets for the election to be held on the 10th instant. The tickets were made at a public meeting of abolitionists, and contains the names of all the candidates for congress and assembly, nominated by the two parties, who have given favorable answers as to the abolition of all the slaveholding laws of the national and State governments, with the addition of names of known anti-slavery men to make up a full ticket for those offices. This is in conformity to a resolution of the American Anti-Slavery Society adopted at its last meeting.

N. B. A meeting to consider the subject of slavery, will be held in the State House yard, Philadelphia, on Monday the 9th instant, at half-past 3, P. M. Charles C. Burleigh, Thomas Earle, and others, are expected to address the meeting.

There are several *new kind of thieves* in New-York. One kind goes in pairs, and when they meet some person from the country, who appears gullible, one of them contrives to *drop* a pocketbook so that it shall be *seen* by the stranger, but *picked up* by the other thief. The first thief then accosts the stranger after this sort:

Did you see that fellow pick up a pocket book?

Yes.

Isn't it yours?

No.

Well, it is stuffed full of something, whosever it is; and I don't believe that chap will restore it to the owner. Won't you speak to him about finding the owner?

The stranger, then, from a sense of justice, and out of pure benevolence, addresses the finder, and on examining the pocket-book, finds one or two large rolls of bank bills, the outside bill being of $20, or other large denomination.

1st *Thief*. This man thinks he can find the owner, and you had better let him take this pocket-book.

2d. *Thief*. How do I know he'll find the owner, and give it to him? He *may* be honest, but there's a great many rogues going, and for aught I know, he may be one of them. At any rate I'll hold on for the present.

1st. *Thief*. He'll go to the police, and have you taken up. You had better give it up.

2d. *Thief*. I'll see you d——d first, and him too.

The two thieves proceed to get into a high quarrel, almost to clapperclawing. At length the 2d. *thief*, affects to cool down, and assuming a moderate tone, says:

"Well, I want to do what's right about it; and perhaps he'll be as honest about finding the owner as I would myself. But its no more than right I should have something for finding it; and (addressing the *wrdant* one,) if so be you're a mind to give me ten dollars, you may take the whole concern. You'll get that, and a great deal more of the owner, if you find him, and if you don't, it is all yours, that's a fact."

Whereupon the money, or for want of money, a good watch and chain, or something of value, is laid down, which the thieves retire and divide.

The sequel is soon told. The benevolent speculator finds the outside bill a *counterfeit*, and the rest of the rolls old *waste-paper!*

This kind is called *drop-thieves*.

Another kind goes to a shop, orders merchandise to the amount of a few dollars. He then gives a fictitious name and lodging, requesting that the article be sent there, and, in order to save time and trouble, change for a ten or twenty dollar bill; but before the tender or porter reaches the designated lodging, the thief meets him and says he will take the things, and save him further trouble. They are delivered, *change* and all, the bearer thinking that the bill has been paid, and that the change is due.

These kind are called *change*-thieves.

"The journeymen tailors, tailoresses, and seamstresses, of Boston, held a 'mass meeting' for the redress of grievances, at Faneuil Hall, on Friday evening. A great many speeches were made, and an official invitation was given for any of the employers who chose to do so, to come forward and vindicate themselves. Mr. Henry Carnes accepted the invitation, and attempted to speak, but they hissed him down."—*Tribune*.

"Hissed him down!" They couldn't have done a worse thing for themselves. They showed the same spirit as supports monopoly. A friend near us remarks, "That's what I have been mourning over in reforms. It is that their friends constantly meet the enemies of freedom and humanity in their own spirit of violence and invective. That is the reason Christianity has made such slow progress. Christianity has been defended in the spirit of antichistianity."

IRISH WIT.—While waiting at a ferry, I heard boisterous talk in a near groggery, and approaching, found two Irishmen, one listening, and the other denouncing death to the thirty thousand troops sent to Ireland. "There's Irishmen enough on the railroads to knock all their heads about, and they'll volunteer to go to Ireland every sowl of them, to fight the b——s with their d——n petticoat government. I'll go myself." "And if you *are* going Dennis," said the other, "you'll soon be there for you're *half seas over now*."

MYSTERIOUS.—One of the North river boats, on Saturday, had four boxes on board of like appearance. One of the hands from turning over and moving one of them, was impressed with a belief that it contained a human body. He was laughed at, but on insisting, it was opened, and found to contain the body of a colored man, a second was opened with the same result. The other two were not opened. What the meaning of this is, or what has been done, in the premises, we have been unable to learn. Since the above was written, an inquest has found that the bodies were for dissection.

TO POSTMASTERS.—Postmasters who direct letters, or papers, to this office, will please to add to the town and county, the name of the State. There are often towns of the same name in several of the States, and in some instances more than one of the same name in the same State.

THE "DOLLAR PLAN."—A subscription, for the American Anti-Slavery Society, on the "One Dollar Plan," is opened at the Anti-Slavery Office, No. 14 1-2 Westminster street, Providence, R. I. The friends of the cause are earnestly invited to forward their contributions as soon as possible.

J. Q. ADAMS.—Mr. Adams is to address the people of Norfolk county, Mass. at some convenient time. Mr. Adams is also to deliver an address and lay the corner stone of an observatory at Cincinnati in November. He lately visited New Bedford, and arriving in the evening, he was escorted by a cavalcade of fifty young men, each bearing a torch from the depot to his lodgings. Mr. Adams made an address.

ALMANAC FOR 1844.

Abolitionists are notified that the Almanac for 1844, is now published, and ready for delivery. The edition is limited, and those who wish to purchase are requested to forward their orders immediately. Price, $25 per thousand; and $3 per hundred.

They are also for sale at the Anti-Slavery Office, in Philadelphia; price, the same as above. Orders from county societies will be gladly received and promptly executed.

THE NEW-YORK LETTERS, BY L. M. C.

For sale by Charles S. Francis, 252 Broadway, New-York; James Monroe, & Co. Washington street, Boston; likewise at 143 Nausau street; J. M. McKim, 31 North Fifth street, Philadelphia; 25 Cornhill, Boston; and at 14 1-2 Westminster street, Providence, R. I. Price 75 cts.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign Items.

[*By the Caledonia.*]

GREAT BRITAIN.

Lieutenant R. C. Jenkins, of H. M. S. Ferret, has been broken for drunkenness.

Mr. Aymer, the celebrated American vaulter, broke his neck in attempting a double somerset at the circus of Mr. Batty.

London has been visited by two destructive fires, bursting forth almost simultaneously in Tooley street and Fetter lane. The consternation was very great, and it is reported that five lives were lost. Some of the craft in the river were in great danger, and one vessel was burnt to the water's edge. St. Olive's church was destroyed.

Slavery in Texas—In the British House of Lords, August 19, Lord Brougham interrogated the Earl of Aberdeen in regard to a subject of great interest, viz. the state of Texas. He said:

That country was in a state of independence *de facto*, but its independence had never been acknowledged by Mexico, the State from which it was torn by the events of the revolution. He was aware that its independence had been so far acknowledged by this country, that we had a treaty with it. The importance of Texas could not be overrated. It was a country of the greatest capabilities, and was in extent fully as large as France. It possessed a soil of the finest and most fertile character, and it was capable of producing nearly all tropical produce, and its climate was of a most healthy character. It had access to the Gulf of Mexico, through the river Mississippi, with which it communicated by means of the Red river. The population of the country was said to exceed 240,000, but he had been assured by a gentleman who came from that country, and who was a member of the same profession as himself, that the whole population, free and slaves, white and colored, did not exceed 100,000; but he was grieved to learn that not less than one-fourth of the population or twenty-five thousand persons were in a state of slavery. This point led him to the foundation of the question which he wished to put to his noble friend. There was very little or no slave-trade carried on with Texas from Africa, directly; but a large number of slaves are constantly being sent overland to that country. Although the major part of the land in Texas was well adapted to white labor, and therefore for free cultivation, still the people of that country, by some strange infatuation, or by some inordinate love of immediate gain, preferred slave labor to free labor. As all access to the African market was shut out to them, their market for slaves was the United States, from whence they obtained a supply of negro slaves. The markets from whence they obtained their supply of slaves were Georgia, the Carolinas, and Virginia, which States constantly sent their surplus slave population, which would otherwise be a burden to them, to the Texan market. No doubt it was true, as had been stated, that they treated their slaves tolerably well, because they knew that it was their interest to rear them, as they had such a profitable market for them in Texas. This made him irresistibly anxious for the abolition of slavery in Texas, for if it were abolished there, not only would that country be cultivated by free and white labor, but it would put a stop to the habit of breeding slaves for the Texan market. The consequence would be, that they would solve this great question in the United States, for it must ultimately end in the abolition of slavery in America. He, therefore, looked forward most anxiously to the abolition of slavery in Texas, as he was convinced that it would ultimately end in the abolition of slavery throughout the whole of America. He knew the Texans would do much, as regarded the abolition of slavery, if Mexico could be induced to recognize their independence. If, therefore, by our good offices, we could get the Mexican government to acknowledge the independence of Texas, he would suggest a hope that it might terminate in the abolition of slavery in Texas, and ultimately the whole of the southern States of America. The abolition of slavery in Texas must put an end to one of the most execrable crimes—for he would not designate it by the honorable name of traffic—that could disgrace a people, namely, the rearing and breeding of slaves, or being engaged in the sale of our fellow-creatures. He, therefore, hoped that his noble friend would have no difficulty in letting him know whether he could give him any information as to the state of the negotiations on this subject, or as to the nature of the instructions that had been given to our minister in that country. If the production of such documents or the furnishing such information was not suitable at the present moment, he would not press his noble friend; but he had no doubt that his noble friend could confirm his statement, and he trusted that the government would not loose any opportunity of pressing the subject, whenever they could do so with a hope of success.

The Earl of Aberdeen in reply said, that he could state that not only had this country acknowledged the independence of Texas, but also that we had a treaty of commerce, and a treaty for the abolition of the slave-trade with that power. He did not believe that there was any importation of slaves into Texas by sea, but it was true that there was a large importation of slaves from the United States into that country. Immediately on the negotiations being entered on with Texas, the utmost endeavors of this country were used to put an end to the war which prevented the full and entire recognition of the independence of Texas by Mexico.—Their endeavors had met with very great difficulties, and he was unable to say that there was an immediate prospect of obtaining the recognition of the independence of Texas on the part of Mexico; but it is with great pleasure that he was able to say that probably the first step to this had been obtained, namely, that an armistice had been established between the two powers, and he hoped that this would lead to the absolute acknowledgment of the independence of Texas by Mexico. The armistice was an important step to obtain, and he need hardly say that every effort on the part of her majesty's government, would aim at that result which was contemplated by his noble friend. He was sure that he need hardly say that no one was more anxious than himself to see the abolition of slavery in Texas; and if he could not consent to produce papers or to give further information, it did not arise from indifference, but from quite a contrary reason. In the present state of the negotiations between the two countries, in question, it would not contribute to the end they had in view if he then expressed any opinion as to the state of those negotiations; but he could assure his noble friend that, by means of urging the negotiations, as well as by every other means in their power, her majesty's ministers would press this matter.

Lord Brougham observed that nothing could be more satisfactory than the statement of his noble friend, which would be received with joy by all who were favorable to the object of the anti-slavery societies.

Morals of the English Aristocracy.—The King of Hanover has "bolted" at last, after a sojourn here of two months or more. The aristocracy have paid him the most profound attention, worshipping him as a crowned idol. It has been grievous to see how this great bad man has been courted, and of how little importance purity of character is in an oligarchy. The people, therefore, hate him, abhor him, and hoot him, whenever they can get an opportunity, because they have no feelings in common with him; but the aristocracy flatter and fawn upon him, because he is one of themselves.

Another proof can be given, unfortunately, of this *prestige* in favor of rank and wealth. Look at Cardigan, who is an earl, with £60,000 per annum, an unencumbered and augmenting estate. His tyranny, his meannesses, his crimes, are known; but he is well received at court by the queen, petted by the aristocracy, and placed at the head of the finest hussars regiment in the service, Prince Albert's own corps. The "black-bottle" miscreant has now made an addition to the catalogue of his iniquities, by the heartless seduction of the wife of Lord William Paget. An action has been brought for crim. con., and the damages are laid at £20,000. This circumstance will not, in the least, interfere with Lord Cardigan's station in society; but, on the contrary, he will be a greater lion than ever; husbands will continue to introduce him to their wives; mothers to their daughters; and he will pass on as a man of good fortune, with merely another feather in his cap. These revolting crimes are only venial errors, in an aristocracy.—*London correspondence of the Journal of Commerce*.

Gen. Cass and the Morning Chronicle.—General Cass has been terribly pulled to pieces, as the women say, by the editor of the Morning Chronicle, in his paper of the 22d ultimo. From some exclusive information which your London cotemporary has procured, he has told the world that it is the intention of the late American minister at the court of France, to intrigue himself into the presidency of the United States, and forthwith to declare war against this country, under any colorable pretext; or, if it cannot be done otherwise, without any pretext at all—even the shadow of a shade of a *causa belli*! Where this terrible discovery was first found, it is not for me to state; it being quite sufficient, for my purpose, to direct your attention to the awful announcement.—*Id.*

[The writer cannot have attended much to some of the most important transactions of the last three years, nor to the great questions now pending between the leading nations of Europe and America. Did not Gen. Cass take it upon himself, while minister to France, to denounce to the French chambers, and the French people, the act of their own government, in forming with Great Britain, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, the Quintuple treaty? Did not the general do his work by appealing to the vulgarest prejudice, and the lowest passions, to kindle the flames of war between England and France? And when he arrived home, did he not try the same arts upon the American people? Has he not made the most intemperate denunciations of Great Britain in respect to the Oregon affair, and endeavor to excite this nation and in particular the most restless and reckless part of it, to violate an existing treaty with Great Britain?

Doubtless the editor of the Morning Chronicle knows whereof he affirms, and would gratify the correspondent of the Journal of Commerce with the examination of his proof, if desired.]

The National Debt.—General Sir George Cockburn proposes for government "to take for the benefit of the nation, the profits of the banks of England, Ireland, and Scotland, which arise from the sovereign power delegated to, or usurped by them, of coining paper money; to provide for Great Britain and her colonies a circulating medium, sound in itself, and ready at all times, in such quantities as the community may dictate; and with the immense profits, to pay the national debt, and reduce the taxes."—*id.*

Increased interest in Education.—A great move is now making to advance the cause of education, and to emancipate the lower classes from the mental slavery which is now their distinguishing characteristic. The scheme recently brought forward by the government, in the House of Commons, had for its main object, the making education compulsory upon all parents, and giving the whole supreme direction of that education to the bishops and clergy of the Protestant Church Establishment. This spirit for aggrandizing the Church, and securing to it a monopoly in the proposed system, called forth the violent and powerful opposition of every religious sect and denomination, and finally compelled the ministry to withdraw the measure. As soon as the defeat became known, "the National Society for the education of the poor on the principles of the Established Church," collected all their energies, and with the archbishops, the queen, and the queen dowager at their head, proceeded to lay a plan before the public for carrying out so much of the intended cabinet bill as could be effected without resort to an act of parliament. The appeal has proved to be most successful, for the subscriptions already amount to nearly seventy thousand pounds, and every week, as donations come in from the country, that sum will be considerably augmented.

The British and Foreign School Society are on the *qui vive*, and we are making preparations to extend the plan of that most admirable institution, whose object is to give education to all classes without any distinction whatever.—*id.*

HAYTI.

The troubles between the blacks and mulattoes have ceased. The insurgents laid down their arms, and the Salomons were arrested. We earnestly hope that our Haytien friends will not spoil the best of revolutions, but will consummate it with the wisdom and moderation with which they begun.

Capt. Robinson, of the brig Wm. Neilson, from Port au Prince, in twelve days, reports all tranquil at Aux Cayes and Port au Prince, when he sailed. The government of St. Domingo had put on $1 10 extra tonnage duty on all American vessels, and one half of the export duty on coffee had been taken off; to take effect on the 11th inst.

BRITISH WEST INDIES.

At Antigua and St. Lucie, several shocks of earthquake were felt the latter part of August.

MEXICO.

We learn by the arrival of the United States brig Bambridge, that when she sailed from Vera Cruz, on the 1st of September, the United States ship Vincennes, Captain Buchanan, was left at anchor off Sacrificios, waiting the arrival of despatches from our minister at Mexico.

The second payment under the late convention with Mexico, has been paid, and the "Conducta," with the amount of $140,000, was on its way to Vera Cruz, and would arrive at that place on the 4th of September.

General Items.

A most horrid and awful murder was committed at Westfield Society, in Middletown, Connecticut, on Sunday last, upon a Mrs. Bacon, a woman of great worth and respectability. Mr. Bacon was absent at church. When he returned he found his wife lying upon her back in the center of the room, her skull crushed in, her face horribly mutilated, her throat cut, and seven stabs in her breast! By her side lay a butcher knife, some keys, and three chairs, which were broken and bloody. Two of them were covered with fragments of her flesh and hair, used in beating her over the head. The walls and floor were covered with blood, evidences of frightful, desperate ferocity, she in defending herself from the assaults of her savage murderers and they in their diabolical exertions to overmaster this heroic, but ill-fated woman.

All the booty that the murderers got was $75. Mrs. B. was 45 years of age, and has left three children.

What an appalling spectacle! Such a cold-blooded, fiendish murder, on Sabbath day, upon a lone, unprotected, defenseless woman, in broad daylight, in the very heart of New-England!

We learn, says the Journal of Commerce, from passengers who arrived last evening from New Haven, that two persons have been arrested in that city on suspicion of being the perpetrators of the horrid deed,—two in Middletown—and two or three in Hartford. Those at Hartford were subsequently discharged, no evidence appearing against them. Those at New Haven are also supposed to be innocent of the crime. Those at Middletown are two men by the names of Bell and Roberts. The circumstances going to implicate them, are, we understand, very strong. On Bell's shirt were several spots of blood. Roberts in the afternoon of Sunday, (the day of the murder,) wore a different pair of pantaloons from those which he had on in the morning, and we are told he gave no satisfactory account of what had become of the former. The whole population, from Hartford to New Haven, is on the alert, and there is little or no chance for the escape of the criminals, even if Bell and Roberts are not the perpetrators.

The correspondent of the N. H. Courier, in speaking of this murder of Mrs. Bacon at Middleton, says:

"Bell and Roberts are still confined in our jail. The latter has the delirium tremens. Circumstances thicken against them. Yesterday, Bell was taken to Westfield, to point out the ground which he claims he went over that day (Sunday) with Roberts. And here a circumstance took place which would serve to fasten the crime on them. A stick used for a cane was found in the house near the body of the murdered woman. Bell acknowledged that Roberts cut a stick that day and left it at the house of one Whittlesey. While at the house of Mr. Bacon with Bell, lawyer Tyler pretended to send for it; and it being brought in, Bell said it was the same, and when told where it was found, he instantly remarked, "That beats the devil!"

"Yesterday, another man was arrested in Meriden. His name is Hall. The circumstances are, his hand being severely cut, and large quantities of blood on his clothes. He has already been in our State prison. There is not a doubt in the minds of any of our citizens but that the three are guilty.

Murder.—At Rochester, N. H. a horrid murder was committed upon a Miss Hanson, by shooting her. The object was plunder. The murderer got about $30, having failed to get Miss H's. trunk, which was said to contain $1000. Andrew F. Howard has been taken up, and made full confession of the murder.

There are only twenty-six hundred new applications for office at the Boston Custom House.

Oregon.—A General Gilliam, of Missouri, has given notice that in the spring he shall start for Oregon; and that other emigrants may join him on the 1st Monday of May next.

The Liberty Party Convention, At Canastoga, New-York, last week, renominated Alvan Stewart for Governor, and C. O. Shepard for Lieut. Governor, to be supported in 1844.

Sheriff Murdered.—At Harmony, Mo., Mr. Wengo, sheriff of the county, was murdered by one Moyers.

Rioters Sentenced.—In the Court of General Sessions this morning, several persons who had been convicted of being engaged in the various disgraceful riots among the firemen and weavers, which have brought so much odium upon four city, received their sentence, and were conducted to prison. The terms of imprisonment varied from one year to three months.—*Phila. Cor.*

[Let us not despair of Philadelphia.]

Repealers.—There are rival associations of repealers in Philadelphia, and they are at war.

Advices from Florida state that a most violent and destructive storm occurred on the night of the 13th instant. At Port Leon "the water made a perfect breach ten feet deep over the town," and every warehouse was destroyed, except one, and part of that also fell. Nearly every building was thrown from its foundation, and many of them were crushed to atoms. The destruction at the light-house was even more disastrous—every building except the lighthouse having been destroyed, and sad to relate, *fourteen lives lost*. St. Mark's is said to have suffered in like proportion with Port Leon.

Two men, while gambling at Baton Rouge, La. became engaged in a quarrel, when one named Fearson shot the other one, Candro; the latter died the next day and Fearson was arrested.

A young man named Charles McGoldrick died a few days since at Georgetown, D. C. of lockjaw induced by a wound inflicted on his foot by a nail.

A woman named Catharine Belzerrius, at Georgetown, D. C. recently died, as the coroner's inquest decided, in consequence of continued ill-treatment from her husband.

Gov. Morton has appointed Thursday, the 30th of November next, to be observed as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, in Massachusetts.

Mr. Webster, has made at the Annual New-York Fair, held at Rochester, on the 21st, an able and admirable speech on the bearing of the tariff upon agriculture.

The Emperor of Russia will not receive in future, any book or other work, from any person of a foreign country except through the minister of that country.

Capital Punishment.—The sentence of Leavitt, in Plymouth Mass is commuted from hanging to imprisonment for life.

Peter G. Chandler, who has been on trial before the criminal court of St. Louis, for throwing the engineer of the steamboat Belle of Pittsburg, overboard between here and the mouth of the Ohio, was last evening found guilty of murder in the second degree, and sentenced to 50 years confinement in the penitentiary.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Murder.—John Sutton, a soldier of the revolution, aged 95, was murdered near Knoxville (Tenn.) on the 5th of September, as he was returning home with his pension money, $33, which he had just received.

The Petersburg (Va.) Intelligencer, states that there are now eight cotton manufacturing establishments belonging to that town, some of them on a large scale, all nearly in full operation, and preparing to extend them.

Jamel McFarland and V. J Hudson, had a rencontre at Hannibal, Mo. a short time since, when McFarland received a stab in the breast from a knife, which caused his death in less than an hour. Hudson surrendered himself into the hands of the proper authorities.

One Everitt, a mail carrier in Florida, has been detected in robbing the mail of a check on a New-York bank, and altering the name of the payee. The forgery was detected, the whole crime traced to the culprit, and he arrested.

O'Connell's last.—We learn that the speech of O'Connell denouncing the Cincinnati repeal letter, apologizing for slavery, has excited deep regret and disgust in many good repealers of Philadelphia. Their disgust is very natural, but mistaken in its object; that object should be their own shameless inconsistency.

Mission at the Gaboon River.—By the brig Atalanta, arrived at New-York September 23, intelligence was brought that this mission is doing extremely well, the natives attending public worship, and their children the schools, very punctually. The French had obtained permission to build some houses, and when they had done so, they *landed cannon*, and seemed likely to retain their hold.

The damage by the fire in Jamaica, mentioned in our last, is estimated at about $2,500,000.

Indigo.—It is stated that Louisiana planters are turning their attention to the cultivation of indigo. It is supposed that it will be more profitable than sugar, cotton, or rice.

Agent to Buenos Ayres.—It is reported that Harvey M. Watterson, of Tennessee, a member of the late Congress, is appointed diplomatic agent for settling matters of difference with the government of Buenos Ayres. Of course he is from a slave State.

Great Day's Work.—At Penn Yan, N. Y. a young man named Hopkins, cradled nine acres of wheat in thirteen hours.

A Patriot.—Colonel Reah Frazier, in his remarks at the late locofoco "union and harmony" meeting at Southwark, declared that he "would walk a thousand miles, barefooted, over burning sand, to address his brother democrats." Really, the colonel must be a patriot with a vengeance!—*Ledger.*

The forger, Whitmore's, real name is Seymour. Last autumn he opened a splendid hotel and restaurant in Chesnut street, Peiladelphia; and after filling it with the most costly and elegant articles, he absquatulated, leaving his creditors to whistle. He was thought to be a great rogue then, and doubtless he is still much the same sort of a man.—[N. H. Courier.

In the sale of a clergyman's effects, near Hereford, England, his library brought £3, and his liquors £380.

We learn from the Quebec Gazette, that four men lost their lives at the Canardiere in that city, September 21, by suffocation at the bottom of a well. A son of Capt. Julien, R. N., seeing Delair, a laborer, who was cleaning the well, also descended to save him, but met the same fate. Shields, another laborer, went to the rescue, only to perish. But for all this, another victim, named Mathew, with a fatality that seems most extraordinary, made a similar attempt, and fell above the other three. By this time, means were procured, without risking the lives of any more, to take the bodies of the four unfortunate men from the well; but when they were brought up, life was extinct in the whole of them.

Destruction of the Missouri.—By the Acadia, arrived at Boston, we learn that this American steam frigate was totally destroyed by fire in the bay of Gibraltar.—No lives were lost.

ABOLITIONISTS, PAY YOUR DEBTS!

The Executive Committee of the American Society have adopted the ONE DOLLAR PLAN, for the special purpose of paying the debt, for which partial provision only was made at the late annual meeting.

The question is now to be answered—*Does the American Anti-Slavery Society number twenty-five hundred members, who are able to pay One Dollar each, for the payment of its debt?* If so, we shall soon be an honest society. If not, we shall soon cease to be a society at all. Our operations cannot be continued, if we cannot go upon the cash system.

Friends of the Society are requested to act as agents in their respective localities, and to collect without delay, as much as they can, and remit to the Treasurer.

PAYMENT RECEIVED.

	Amount previously acknowledged,	$224
225	William P. Atkinson, West Roxbury,	1
226	Susan C. Atkinson, "	1
227	Mary Hoag, Buskirks Bridge, N. Y.	1
228	Amarancy Paine, Providence, R. I.	1
229	Abby Thurber, "	1
230	Thomas Brown, jr. "	1
231	Thomas Davis, "	1
232	David Joy, Nantucket,	1
233	His wife, "	1
234	R. H. Ober, South Woburn, Mass.	1
235	Nathan G. Herendeen, Farmington, N. Y.	1
236	Durfee Herendeen, Macedon, Wayne co. N. Y.	1
237	Mary Herendeen, " "	1
238	Mercy A. Herendeen, " "	1
239	Chas. Byron Herendeen, " "	1
240	Helena M. Herendeen, " "	1

TREASURER'S RECEIPTS

For the week ending 9th mo. (Sept.) 30th, 1843.

Received for the Standard—The following persons have each paid $2: Jesse Garrison, New Lisbon, Ohio; James Rider, Norwich, Ct.; Warner Graves, Richmond, Ia.; Jonathan L. Hinckley, South Coventry, Ct.; L. B. Nelson, Haverhill, N. H.; W. P. Atkinson, West Roxbury, Mass.; Sarah J. Davee, Plymouth, Mass.; Asa Hoag, Baskirk's Bridge, N. Y.; David Story, Canterbury, Ct.; Sarah Steere, (per Amarancy Paine,) Gloucester, R. I.; Alanson Clark, Rushville, N. Y.; Jared Wilcox, New-York City; W. T. Codding, Bristol Centre, N. Y.; E. M. Smith, Boston; Samuel Scribener, Nashua, N. H.; Alice Hicklin, Limaville, Stark county, Ohio; Isaac Newell, jr. Lynn, Mass.; John Childe, Albany.—Total, $36 00.

Samuel Brooks, New Lisbon, Ohio, (per Jesse Garrison,) $10; Simeon Millikin. Seal Cove, Mt. Desert, Me. $5; J. Harlow, Plymouth, Mass. $1; John Searing, Poplar Ridge, N. Y. $4. The following, per Amarancy Paine, Providence. R. I. paid as follows: Junia S. Mowry, 37 cts. Wm. B. Wicks, Gilmantown, N. H. $1 33; Elisha M. Aldrich, $1 50; John L. Clark, $1 50; Henry A. Howland, $1 50; Samuel Rathbone, $1 50; Adam Anthony, $1 50; Asa Fairbank, $1 50. Joseph Dodge, Nantucket, $1; Daniel Jones, jr. do. 25 cts.; Mary B. Macy, do. 75 cts.; Peace Wright, Knox, Knox co. Ohio, $1; Phebe McConnell, Mansfield, Ohio, $1.—Total, $37 70.

Donations.—David Joy, Nantucket, $8; Cyrus McNeily, (pledge,) Cadiz, Ohio, $50.

ISAAC T. HOPPER, *Treasurer.*

NOTICES.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE RHODE ISLAND STATE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The eighth annual meeting of the Rhode Island State Anti-Slavery Society will be held in Providence, commencing on Wednesday, November 8, at 10 o'clock, a. m. and will probably continue in session two or three days. It will undoubtedly be a meeting of great interest, and a large attendance from all parts of the country is earnestly solicited. AMARANCY PAINE, Sec'y.

CENTRAL NEW-YORK ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

It is with the most joyful expectancy that the committee of women of the Central New-York Anti-Slavery Society, in conformity to the resolution adopted last spring, issue the call for the Fair to be held during Christmas and New-Year's season.

The success of our Syracuse Fair, through which we have been enabled to throw into the hands of our executive committee the means for sustaining an able advocate of the rights of humanity, in his arduous labors, encourages us to renewed efforts, that we may, if possible, instead of sustaining one, raise the means of sustaining four or five efficient agents, who, in conjunction with others, shall go forward with the deep plough of reform, and the seed wheat of humanity, and in a short space shall make this slavery-cursed desert of America bloom and blossom like the rose, with the flowers of mercy, truth, and justice. What heart shall be found in Central New-York, that will beat no warm response to the call for help! Will not every town, yes, every neighborhood, form its sewing circle, and send or bring up their contributions at the time appointed? Will not the free farmers bring from their stores, which God's bounty has so lavishly bestowed upon them? Will there be found an artisan who can withhold his or her gift from the slave's store, on Christmas week? We confidently expect great help. Persons wishing to contribute by sending unmade articles, bits of silk, muslin, calico, or gingham, will confer a favor by sending them soon, addressed to one of the Utica committee—place of deposit, No. 49 Fayette street.

The proceeds of this Fair will be appropriated as specified, to the dissemination of anti-slavery light and truth; thus arousing a nation to feel its own responsibilities and moral might.

Mrs. Fanny Skinner,
" Ann Lightbody,
" Mary Peckham,
" Paulina S. Wright,
Eveline Storms, } Utica.
" Elizabeth Russell, Syracuse.
" Mary Springstead, Cazenovia.
Miss Abigail Mott, Albany.
" Janette Brown, Oppenheim.
Mrs. Eveline Ryder, Litchfield.
" Green, Winfield.
Miss Laura Turner, Bridgewater.
Mrs. Sarah Van Epes, Vernon.

FREE PRODUCE ASSOCIATION.

The fifth annual meeting of the American Free Produce Association will be held in Philadelphia on the 17th of 10th month, (October) in Clarkson Hall, at 10 o'clock A. M.

Friends of the cause and others are earnestly invited to be present.

Poetry.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

LINES,

On the Death of Stephen Treadwell, a Minister of the Gospel in the Society of Friends.

Friend of the Slave! thy race is o'er—
The goal is reached—the victory gained;
And now, we trust, a happier shore
Thy fervent spirit hath attained;
The welcome words to hear, "Well done!
Receive the crown thy faith hath won."

Undaunted soldier of the Cross!
Who never didst the conflict flee,
How deeply do we mourn thy loss,
How greatly feel our need of thee,
When hands are weak, and spirits fail,
And giant foes the truth assail.

But He in whom was placed thy trust,
The God of grace and truth is nigh;
Whose ways, though hid from man, are just—
For surely his omniscient eye
Can at a single glance embrace
The utmost bounds of time and space.

Can He, without whose pitying eye
Not even a sparrow falls to earth,
Regardless hear the plaintive cry
Of souls that claim a heavenly birth?
More precious far than all the gold,
Procured by "sinews bought and sold."

Oh, falter not, ye wise and good,
Though Mammon's hosts beset your way;
As when of old the Syrians stood
Round Dothan's walls, in fierce array;
For then, e'en then, the prophet's eye
Perceived the host of God was nigh.

And when his servants' eyes had been,
By power miraculous, unbound,
The glorious spectacle was seen,
Of fiery chariots ranged around.
'Tis thus e'en now; on every hand
The hosts of God around us stand.

Hath not his omnipresent word
Been breathed upon the world of mind?
Have not its inmost depths been stirred,
With thoughts and feelings, long confined,
But now arising in their might,
And pouring round a flood of light?

Oh, who unmoved can stand and see
The conflict waged by noble minds,
To set the fettered millions free,
And break each galling chain, that binds
The human soul! designed to be
Th' august abode of Deity. S. M. J.

From the Friendship's Offering.

LETTER TO THE DEAD.

BY MISS M. A. BROWNE.

It is the midnight hour—
The house is hushed and still—
The bell o'er the old church tower
Sounds loudly o'er the hill;
Yet one pale taper's light
Sheds radiance on the night.
And while around her, elder eyes are sleeping,
A young and lovely maid a lone love-watch is keeping.

A love-watch, yet alone;
No other form is there;
Her lips breathe no soft tone,
Unto the silent air;
Before her lies the scroll
Where she hath poured her soul—
Trusting, though seas their aching bosoms part,
That her beloved shall read the record of her heart.

Her cheek is on her hand—
Her fingers press her brow,
And in this distant land
Her thoughts are busy now.
She's on the desert plain—
She's by the ancient fane;
She's with him on the lake's pure star-lit wave,
But never 'neath the tree that shades his nameless grave.

She sees his glossy hair
That the spicy zephyr stirs;
His own blue eyes are there,
And fondly fixed on hers!
No image doth she see
Of dark reality,
Nor dreams how cold the eye, how stiff the brow
On which her memory dwells delighted now.

And little doth she dream
Of that fond letter's fate;
How he, who is the theme,
Hath left her desolate;
How every burning word,
So passionately poured,
For him, and him alone on earth, shall be
Subject to cold and formal scrutiny.

She trusts that it shall lie
Close to his throbbing heart,
And with a happy sigh,
Will see that scroll depart;
Envying its pathway dim,
Across the seas to him;
Nor feeling that each hour it draweth near
An eye that cannot read—a heart it cannot cheer.

It will return again
By his cold lips unpressed,
Nor will its fold have lain
Within his icy breast.
How will its coming wring
The heart that was its spring!
The heart that had no dim, forboding pain,
That its outgushing love was written there in vain!

POETRY AND PROSE.

BY STERLING.

I looked upon a plain of green,
That some one called the land of Prose,
Where many living things were seen,
In movement or repose.

I looked upon the stately hill,
That well was named the Mount of Song,
Where golden shadows dwelt at will,
The woods and streams among.

But most this fact my wonder bred,
Though known by all the nobly wise,
It was the mountain streams that fed
The fair green plain's amenities.

SONNET.

There is no remedy for time misspent;
No healing for the waste of idleness,
Whose very languor is a punishment
Heavier than active souls can feel or guess.
O, hours of indolence and discontent,
Not now to be redeemed! ye sting not less
Because I know this span of life was lent
For lofty duties, not for selfishness.
Not to be whiled away in aimless dreams,
But to improve ourselves and serve mankind,
Life and its choicest faculties were given.
Man should be ever better than he seems;
And shape his acts, and discipline his mind,
To walk adorning earth, with hope of heaven.

Miscellany.

THE DAIRYMAN'S BILL.

A dark and stormy morning in February is not a time when any one, who has freedom of choice, will leave a warm fireside for a walk in the shelterless streets. But with the worthy man whom we are about to introduce to our readers, there was no alternative. Sandy Patterson was a dairyman in the suburbs of Edinburgh, who maintained his little family by the sale of the produce of two cows. His wife and their only child, a comely girl of nineteen, were all Sandy's household; and every member of it took a share of the labor which supplied their few and humble wants. Their small cottage was neat and clean, as were also the inmates themselves, though their countenances, on the rainy February night in question, betokened depressed and sorrowful hearts. "Heaven speed thee, gudeman!" said the wife, as Sandy Patterson threw his plaid about his shoulders and prepared to encounter the blast without. "Heaven speed ye! or else we'll be harried and ruined creatures the morn. What a nicht too, to gang o'doors in! Hap yoursel up, Sandy and pu' the bonnet firm on your head, for that wind is enough to tear the coat off your back. But the trial maun be made." Her husband drew his bonnet tightly over his gray and scanty hairs, as he was desired, and, after speaking a word of hope and comfort, left his spouse and daughter alone in their lowly tenement.

The dairyman was too much inured to exposure at all seasons, to feel any great distress from the sleety rain, which fell in fitful showers around him, as he proceeded along the causeway side, toward the centre of the city. Few passengers were in the streets that night; the many closed shutters showed that all who could remain within doors, were enjoying themselves in their parlors. Poor Sandy walked on, scarcely conscious of the storm, having that on his mind which rendered him heedless of any personal inconvenience. He reached at last one of the most fashionable streets in the new quarter of the city, and stopped in front of a handsome mansion, which, unlike the generality of those around it, was not closed and shuttered up. On the contrary, a brilliant flood of light came from the windows, and the sound of music and mirth were audible even in the street. Sandy Patterson was the least envious of mortals; still he could not forbear sighing as he listened and gazed. With a slow step he mounted the stair of that abode of enjoyment, as it seemed to be, and applied his hand timidly to the bell. No answer followed his gentle pull; the sound was perhaps drowned in the revelry within. Sandy pulled again, and with very little additional energy. A man-servant in plain clothes, now opened the door. To the question, "What de you want?" Patterson replied, "I am sorry to give you trouble, sir, but I am the milkman. I have been once or twice of late, about the bit account for the milk that the family has forgotten; and though it's an untimeous hour, I would be greatly obliged if it could be settled the nicht. I wad hae been laith to trouble ye, but I am in sair want on't." The servant who had been listening to this speech, with the door open to the least possible extent, that the blast might not visit the interior, now asked the petitioner to come into the lobby while he should mention the matter to his master. Sandy, with many scrubbings of his feet, did as he was required, and took a chair pointed out to him. Here his patience, and he had a great deal of it, was not long tried. The man, having gone up stairs, returned in a minute or two with the answer—"It was not convenient to settle the account at present; this was an extraordinary time to come in question of money; he must call again in a day or two—on Saturday, perhaps on Monday."

The answer was a dreadful blow to the humble dun. The sum which was owing by this family to him amounted to about five pounds; but that sum was of the greatest consequence to him. He had already called for payment pretty nearly a dozen times, although he had modestly mentioned but "once or twice," and sad necessity alone had pressed him to renew his claim on the present occasion. Unless he procured the sum he was in quest of, his cattle and his furniture—his all, in short—would be seized on the morrow by legal execution, and brought to public sale. The disconsolate petitioner attempted, in language broken by the heaviness of his heart, to make the footman aware of the state of matters; but seeing that his words made not the slightest impression, he drew his plaid about him, and turned away from the scene of his disappointment.

On returning to his home, Sandy Patterson well-nigh gave way to an agony of despair. Without hearing a word from his lips, his wife and daughter read in his look the frustration of their hopes. "So they hae just served you as usual, Sandy," said the wife at last.

"Just the old story—call again—not convenient," was the husband's sorrowful reply. "What is to be done now, Nanny?" continued the poor man, rising and striding in agitation up and down the floor; "what is to be done now? I doot we are clean ruined. Not even the means left to us o'winning our morsel o'meat. And you too, Peggy, puir thing," stopping and laying his hand on his daughter's head; "this disgrace may gar some folks slight you, and that would be sair for you to bide."

"Nae fear o'that, father," said the daughter, "if William—if any body," continued she, correcting herself, "were to slight us for misfortunes which we couldna help, their scorn wouldna vex me, sair. Who can blame you for hauding out a helping hand to your ain brother? He may be not to blame neither, puir man; but if a faut can be laid at anybody's door, it's to his, and not to yours, father; and the creditors that may take a' you have the morn, are his, and no yours."

"Troth, and that's true, Peggy," said Sandy, sitting down with something like composure; "there's nae disgrace in't, at least, and that's ae great consolation.

The poor family, though divested of all hope of acquiring the sum of money which Sandy had gone in search of, now sat down calmly to speak of their affairs. Twenty pounds was to be seized. Of this they had mustered only ten pounds, and their anxiety about the account which had been sought that night, arose from a promise of the principal creditor to stop proceedings, and allow more time, if fifteen pounds were paid. In this, their hopes had been disappointed, as we have seen.

Before retiring to seek that repose which none of them, it is to be feared, enjoyed that night, Sandy Patterson and his family knelt down as usual, and thanked their Maker for all his mercies, beseeching at the same time strength to submit to His will. The performance of this little act of devotion was not without its effect in composing the spirits of the suffering family, as it brought to their minds the refreshing recollection, that whatever might happen to them on this earth, there was One whose protection man could not deprive them of.

We now ask the reader's company, while we return to that mansion of comparative luxury, from the door of which Sandy Patterson had turned away in sorrow and sickness of heart. Several hours after his visit, the door of that house once more opened, not to admit duns, but to permit the gay and fashionable to pass out after their entertainment was over. It is not with them we have to do, however; therefore let us walk up stairs, and enter a room now emptied of its visitors, and tenanted only by the ordinary inhabitants of the mansion—Mr. Davidson—for such was the name of the host—then remained alone in the drawing-room, with his wife and eldest daughter.

Davidson, let us premise, was a man of easy and somewhat indolent nature, but remarkably liable to be affected by generous impulses. The income which he derived from his profession was ample, and it was rather from a want of system in the management of his household, than any other cause, that poor Sandy had remained so long unpaid. Stretching himself listlessly on a sofa, he began with his lady to chat over the incidents of the party, and among other circumstances to which he alluded, was that ludicrous application of a dairyman for the payment of his bill, by which he had been interrupted in the midst of a very profound discussion on the merits of Hertz's quadrilles. At this allusion, his daughter, a fine child of eleven years, approached, and, with a tear in her eye, said, "Ah! but papa, the poor man was obliged to come to-night, for his cows are to be sold to-morrow for his own debts. I heard him tell John so, as I was crossing the lobby. Poor man, he cried as he went away."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the conscience-stricken debtor, "can it be possible? Was this the cause of his late application, which I only laughed at? Can any one tell me where he lives?"

Inquiry was made below stairs, but no one knew more than that Sandy lived somewhere in the south side of the town. They did not know even his second name.

"I will instantly go," cried Davidson; "and in spite of his wife's remonstrances, he dressed himself for the weather, and accompanied by a servant set out through the dark and rainy streets. Long and anxiously did he search; but in so populous a district, with so imperfect a knowledge of the individual he was in quest of, it is not wonderful that he did not discover Sandy's residence. At length from an old woman who kept a small shop in which milk was one of the articles sold, he learned enough to give him the strongest hopes of having discovered the man he sought. The residence of this man, however, was at so great a distance from the spot in which he was, that Mr. Davidson saw the necessity of returning home for the time to relieve his wife's anxiety. At an early hour he was resolved to resume his inquiries in the quarter to which he had been directed. Mrs. Davidson and her husband slept but little in the few hours that now intervened between night and morning, so deep was the impression which the little incident we have related made on their minds.

Davidson had been directed fortunately to the right quarter. The officials of the law had reached Sandy Patterson's humble abode; they refused his request "for a little time," in consequence of his inability to produce fifteen pounds. Nanny and her daughter were sitting in a corner hopeless, and soon to be, to all appearances, houseless; one of the cows was already brought out from her stall, and stood lowing at the door, amid a crowd of intended purchasers. Already was the poor cow "put up," when Mr. Davidson arrived, made himself known, and put a stop to the proceedings. Conceiving himself to be in some measure the cause of all their distress, he was not contented with paying the sum he owed to the poor dairyman, but advanced enough to settle the whole amount of the claims. The worthy Sandy could only speak his gratitude by tears.

This affair was no less an era in his honest family's history, than it was in that of Mr. Davidson.—This night's experience taught him a lesson, that the whole hopes of a family may be dependent on a sum altogether unimportant to the individual who owes it, and in the discharge of such obligations, benevolence is as much to be gratified, in many instances, as conscientiousness. It may serve to show the interest which he and his family ever after this period, took in the Pattersons, when we mention, that the little girl to whose accidental presence in her father's lobby, the happy issue of this affair was owing, was permitted by her parents, no long time afterward, to dance at the wedding of Sandy's pretty daughter Peggy, who married a certain William hinted at, as the attentive reader may have observed, at an early part of this true story.

THE SOLDIER'S DOG.

The following characteristic and touching anecdote is related in one of Mr. Chandler's recent letters from Montreal, to the United States Gazette:

The great attractions for young folks in this city are the parades of two regiments of British soldiers. The "Champ de Mars" is beautifully adapted, not only for the evolutions of a regiment of about a thousand, but also for the large number of both sexes, who gather to see the military display, and to hear the music of the two fine bands.

On Tuesday morning the Highland regiment was out for a special display, and the movements were marked by a delightful precision; but I noticed that the ladies were greatly attracted by the musicians, who, on *that* occasion, were in rich Tartan, having in front five full dressed pipers. These men wore in their caps a single straight feather, that looked as sharp and fierce as in the best days of Rob Roy; while their legs, naked upwards from the knees, had quite a summery appearance.

As the battalions marched, I noticed that the only being that ventured upon the military ground besides the military themselves, was a large black dog. He seemed to understand the orders of the colonel, and though he could neither aid in "taking open order" with the "rear rank," nor in the wheeling into columns with the whole, yet he evinced much tact in avoiding the tread of the soldiery in their rapid movements, and that without evincing any of that haste which is unbecoming a gentlemanly dog. When the music joined the regiment, the dog took up his march with the band, and seemed pleased with the rich Scotch airs to which the battalions marched. He evidently understood them, and evinced both taste and politeness by making no sign of approval until the musicians had completed a tune. The dog had completely got into the spirit of the time and place, and was enjoying the parade and music, with special gusto. There was a place in the rank of the musicians unfilled, and the dog took his position there, and completed the square as they marched in column.

At length there was a halt, and almost immediately the band struck up that plaintive Scotch air, to which Dempster sings his words of the "Irish Emigrant;" it was exquisitely performed. The poor dog, however, left the rank, walked slowly the distance of a rod or two, and sat quietly down, throwing his head a little one side as if to catch every note of the tune, and evincing a sort of melancholy pleasure in the performance. At length the music ceased, and the dog rose slowly, and with a sort of measured step left the parade.

Poor dog, he had been the property of one of the musicians; his master, whose place was vacant in the band, had brought him across the Atlantic, and during the sickness, which ultimately laid him in the grave, he was wont to play the tune which the band had just performed. The dog had learned to love music, for the sake of his master first, and then for music alone—but that tune awoke the memory of other days, as clearly and distinctly as you and I recall to the memory of each other, some kind and heart-broken friend, whom fate has brought to an early grave.

I would have given money for such a dog, but it would have been a shame, if not a sin, to bear him away from such associations.

CHRISTIAN POLITENESS.

The following anecdote is related by Mr. Walker, in his amusing and instructive publication, "The Original," as affording a fine instance of the value of good breeding and politeness, even in circumstances where it could not be expected to produce any personal advantage:

An Englishman making the grand tour, towards the close of the last century, when travelers were more objects of attention than at present, on arriving at Turin, sauntered out to see the place. He happened to meet a regiment of infantry returning from parade, and taking a position to see it pass, a young captain, evidently desirous to make a display before the stranger, in crossing one of the numerous water courses, with which the city is intersected, missed his footing, and, in trying to save himself, lost his hat. The exhibition was truly unfortunate; the spectators laughed, and looked at the Englishman, expecting him to laugh too. On the contrary, he not only retained his composure, but promptly advanced to where his hat had rolled, and taking it up, presented it, with unaffected kindness, to its confused owner. The officer received it with a blush of surprise, and hurried to rejoin his company. There was a murmur of applause, and the stranger passed on.

Though the scene of a moment, and without a word spoken, it touched every heart—not with admiration for a mere display of politeness, but with a warmer feeling for a proof of that true character "which never faileth." On the regiment being dismissed, the captain, who was a young man of consideration, in glowing terms related the circumstance to the colonel. The colonel immediately mentioned it to the general in command, and when the Englishman returned to his hotel, an aid-de-camp waited to request his company to dinner at head-quarters. In the evening he was carried to court—at that time, as Chesterfield tells us, the most brilliant court in Europe—and was received was particular attention. Of course, during his stay at Turin, he was invited everywhere, and on his departure, he was loaded with letters of introduction to the different States in Italy. Thus a private gentleman, of moderate means, by a graceful impulse of Christian feeling, was enabled to travel through a foreign country, then of the highest interest for its society, as well as for the charms it still possesses, with more real distinction and advantage, than can ever be derived from the mere circumstance of birth and fortune, even the most splendid.

TAMING A RATTLESNAKE—SERIOUS CONSEQUENCES.

We learn from the Salem Register, that Mr. John Foster, of Danvers, was bitten by a rattlesnake on Tuesday evening, under the following circumstances: Mr. Foster, who is an eccentric individual, and who lives by himself on the Lynnfield road, had captured the snake a short time previous, and taken it to his domicil, for the purpose, as he says, of taming it; he placed it in a barrel in his room, where he kept it securely for a few days previous to his being bitten, when by some means it contrived to make its escape. Mr. Foster searched his premises thoroughly as he thought, but made no discovery of the whereabout of his snakeship till Tuesday evening. On that evening, about ten o'clock, he went into his domicil to retire for the night, when searching the back of his chimney for his matches, he was bitten through the finger by the snake, which had contrived by some means to work himself in that place. Mr. Foster immediately struck a light, and then tied a cord tight around his finger and arm; he then cut the flesh around the wound, and for some time sucked the poison from it. He then took his snakeship from his covert, killed him, and wound part of his reeking body around his wound. About twelve o'clock he was in so much pain as to be obliged to go out and call up his friends in the neighborhood, who immediately bound up his arm in fresh meadow mud, and applied such other remedies as are considered good in such cases. Although Mr. Foster's arm is swelled very much, and he suffers from a nauseating sickness at his stomach, and a pricking numbness about his head, yet it is hoped, from his possessing an iron constitution, and his immediately applying such remedies as were within his reach, that he will recover from the effects of the poison. The snake was of large size, and had nine rattles. —*N. Y. Sun.*

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE DAY.

What means, for instance, that strange, vast, unsubstantial fabric, rising suddenly, like the genii-built palaces of the Arabian Nights, in the heart of Boston? Consider well that temple of the Second Advent—its thronging thousands, with wild, awe-stricken faces turned towards the East, like Mussulmen to their Kelba, in hourly expectation of the down-rushing of the fiery mystery of the Apocalypse; waiting with trembling eagerness and "unpleasent horror" to behold with the eye of flesh the tremendous pageant before which the elements shall melt and the heavens flee away—the Baptism of a World in fire! In what age, or quarter of the world, has the Supernatural in man taken a more decided and definite shape than this? Look at the nightly gatherings of the "Disciples of the Newness"—grey, thought-worn manhood, and young, dreamy beauty, catching inspiration from the Orphic utterance of modern prophecy, and making glad the weary Present with sunny glimpses of a Transcendental Millenium. Look at Magnetism with its fearfully suggestive phenomena, enacting daily in our midst marvels which throw far into shadow the simple witchcraft of our ancestors. What are these but present manifestations of the unearthly, and the superhuman bursting up through their crust, of conventional and common-place existence?—*J. G. Whittier. Dem. Rev.*

EMPTY WORDS.

No mortal has a right to wag his tongue, much less to wag his pen, without saying something; he knows not what mischief he does, past computation, scattering words without meaning—to afflict the whole world yet, before they cease! For thistle-down flies abroad on all winds, and airs of wind, —idle thistles, idle dandelions, and other idle products of nature, or the human mind, propagate themselves in that way; like to cover the face of the earth, did not man's indignant providence, with reap hook, with rake, with autumnal steel and tinder, intervene. It is frightful to think how every idle volume flies abroad like an idle globular downbeard, embryo of new millions; every word of it potential seed of infinite new downbeards and volumes; for the mind of man is ferocious, voracious, germinative above all things of the downbeard species.

Why the author corps in Great Britain (every soul of them *inclined* to grow mere dandelions, if permitted) is now supposed to be about ten thousand strong; and the reading corps, who read merely to escape from themselves, with one eye shut, and the other not open, and will put up with almost any dandelion, or thing which they can read *without* opening both their eyes, amounts to twenty-seven millions, all but a few!—*Carlyle.*

OF NO FAMILY.

We have an instance in our family of real dignity of mind, and I set it down as the most honorable alliance in the pedigree. The dowager Lady Walpole, you know, was a French staymaker's daughter. When ambassadress in France, the queen expressed surprise at her speaking so good French. Lady Walpole said she was a French woman. "Française!" replied the queen: "Vous Française, Madame! et de quelle famille?" "D'aucune, Madame," answered my aunt. Don't you think that *aucune* sounded greater than Montmorency would have done? One must have a great soul to be of the *aucune* family; which is not necessary in order to be a Howard.—*Reminiscencies of Horace Walpole.*

From the Philadelphia North American.

MOURNFUL TRAGEDY.

Last week at the Blockley alms-house, a young woman committed suicide by taking arsenic. The following note, found upon the table in her room, explains the cause of her unfortunate end.

"Let no one attempt to use any cup, tumbler, or spoon that is on this table. This is to inform all who may see it, that no one is chargeable with my death—that is, with having in any form murdered me—I die by my own hand. I have been the victim of a cruel deceiver, who, after leading me into the greatest distress, has left me, destitute of money, friends, and clothes. I know not which way to turn. This has caused me to commit the rash act. May God have mercy on my soul! It is my last request that Dr. E. —— may be made to come and gaze on the cold clay of her he so ruined and cruelly deserted. My name is —— ——. I am the adopted daughter of Mr. ——, south Twelfth street. I had, when I lay very low, the promise of Mr. D——, brewer, at the corner of ——and —— streets, to lie in the Magdalen Burial Ground. It has been my earnest wish in life—it is in death. I think if some one would call upon him, (he is a very benevolent man,) that he would let me lie there. R ——.

"It is my earnest request that no efforts be made to restore life. I have no tie to bind me here. I long to be cold. A prostitute's life I cannot bear to lead—no other resource is left."

Spirit of Love.—Beyond all question, it is the unalterable constitution of nature, that there is efficacy, divine, unspeakable efficacy in love. The exhibition of kindness has the power to bring even the irrational animals into subjection. Show kindness to a dog, and he will remember it; he will be grateful; he will infallibly return love for love. Show kindness to a lion, and you can lead him by the mane, you can thrust your hand into his mouth; you can melt the untamed ferocity of his heart into an affection stronger than death. In all of God's vast, unbounded creation, there is not a living and sentient being, from the least to the largest, not one, not even the outcast and degraded serpent, that is insensible to acts of kindness. If love, such as our blessed Saviour manifested, could be introduced into the world, and exert its appropriate dominion, it would restore a state of things far more cheering, far brighter, than the fabulous age of gold; it would annihilate every evil thing; it would pluck every poisonous tooth; it would hush every discordant voice. Even the inanimate creation is not insensible to this divine influence. The bud and flower and fruit put forth most abundantly and beautifully where the hand of kindness is extended for their culture. And if this blessed influence should extend itself over the earth, a moral Garden of Eden would exist in every land; instead of the thorn and briar, would spring up the fig-tree and the myrtle; the desert would blossom and the solitary place be made glad.—[Dr. Upham.

A Bungler in Flattery.—There was my friend Sniffton. He hated pig and prune sauce as he hated a poor relative. Nevertheless, for twenty years did he consent to eat it at his uncle's table; nor could he find words rich enough to do honor to uncle's pig and prune sauce. Uncle died. "Thank heaven!" cried Sniffton, "I shall now receive my reward in hard cash for my sacrifice to that damned pig and prune sauce." The will was read, and thus Sniffton rewarded—"And I hereby give and bequeath to my dearly beloved nephew, Peter Sniffton, in consideration of his peculiar love to my pig and prune sauce, the sole—recipe whereby he may cook it."

A Floral Curiosity.—The Augusta (Geo.) Chronicle says:—"We have often heard of a white blackbird, but never till now of a green rose; yet such a one has been produced in Bladen, North Carolina. This change in the color of the flower is supposed to have been effected by setting out a common daily rose bush in the spot from which a sumac bush had just been removed, and it is believed that the roots of the two mingled."

FOR HOUSEKEEPERS AND FARMERS.

From the Boston Cultivator.

THE TOMATO.

We have collected from various sources many methods of saving, cooking, and preparing the tomato, and we have no doubt that they will be very acceptable to our readers, as every one will find something that is new; and those who have not paid much attention to the subject, will find the list of receipts very interesting and useful, if they have, or can conveniently obtain, this excellent vegetable:

Tomato Sauce.—Peel ripe tomatoes, stew them as apples for sauce, and season with salt and pepper. If you add butter, salt will not be necessary. This sauce is not too tart to eat with meat, but when not used in this way, it is impr[illegible]d for the taste of some persons, by adding a lit[illegible] sugar or molasses.

Tomato Jelly.—Peel the t[illegible]toes, and squeeze them through a fine cloth; ad[illegible]eir weight in sugar, boil to a jelly, and then [illegible]ottle it tight, and keep in a cool, but not freezing [illegible]ace.

Tomato Dumplings.—Skin carefully, without breaking the meat; then make, cook, and use sauce, same as you would apple dumplings.

Broiled Tomato.—Cut the large ones in two, and broil; then add a little butter or salt, and pepper.

Tomato Omelet.—Peel a quart of ripe tomatoes, cut them up, and simmer about twenty minutes.—Chop a few onions fine, and throw in with crumbled bread, and a lump of butter; and when nearly done, beat up four eggs and stir them in, and in a few minutes it will be done.

Raw Tomatoes.—Slice up the ripe fruit in vinegar, like cucumbers, with a little pepper and salt; or it may be used like other fruit, without seasoning.

Dried Tomatoes.—Take them fully ripe, scald that they may skin easily. After this operation, boil them with a little salt and sugar, but no water; then spread out this in shallow pans, and dry in the sun. They will soon dry enough to pack away in bags, which hang up in a dry room. When wanted to use, soak in warm water.

Tomato for a Cough.—The tomato has been used for a cough, with decided success, says a writer in the Farmer's Register. In one case, the cough was from a diseased state of the liver, in another from the lungs. It mitigates, and sometimes effectually checks a fit of coughing. It was used after having been dried as last above named, with a little sugar added, to make it palatable. In a green state, they may be made into a syrup, for this purpose.

Fried Tomatoes.—Peel and slice them, and fry in butter, or without butter, if you choose.

Another way.—Cut pork into small pieces, add one onion, of a size in proportion to the family, cut up fine; fry these till the pork is brown; then put in the tomatoes, cover them up, and fry till well done. This, says a friend, who has cooked tomatoes in many ways, is excellent. The peculiar strong scent of the onion escapes in cooking, but it imparts a fine, rich flavor to the dish.

Tomato Figs.—Scald and remove the skin, in the usual way, add six pounds of sugar to one peck of fruit, cook them over the fire, use no water, until the sugar penetrates and they are clarified. Then spread them on dishes, and flatten and dry in the sun. Spread a little syrup over them occasionally, as they are drying. When dry, pack down in boxes, adding some powdered sugar to each layer. They will keep long, and retain their flavor. The syrup that remains, should be concentrated and bottled for use.

Tomato Catsup.—Mash up good, sound, ripe tomatoes, and to a peck, add a pint of salt. Let them stand two days, then strain, and boil the liquor with two ounces black pepper, the same quantity of spice, one ounce of ginger, one of cloves, and half an ounce of mace, until the scum stops rising. Strain, bottle, and cork tight. Some add bruised onions, garlic, horse-radish, or mustard, and omit some of the other seasoning. So many condiments are not only unnecessary, but unwholesome, especially when all compounded together. A person who has tried it, says that green tomatoes are as good as ripe, for catsup.

To Keep Tomatoes Fresh.—Pack them in jars, putting alternate layers of sand and tomatoes, until the vessel is full; then cover them up tight, to keep the air out, and set them down in a dry, cool place, but not cool enough to freeze. Some say that they may be kept in this way all winter. Others recommend packing them down in sawdust, cotton batting, charcoal dust, and other substances that are used for the preservation of grapes, and other fruit.

Tomato Preserves.—Take good, ripe tomatoes, peel and boil them, and preserve them with good brown, or loaf sugar, or with molasses. If not peeled, they burst, and do not so well retain their consistency.

Tomato Pickles.—Pickles are made of the green fruit, in the same way as you make cucumber, or other pickles. The ripe fruit may likewise be pickled, and some prefer it; it is doubtless more wholesome, or allowing that pickles are unhealthy, it is the least unwholesome.

To Preserve Tomatoes.—Dissolve salt enough in water to make it bear an egg; place perfectly ripe tomatoes in a stone or glazed earthen pot, without pressing them; cover them with the brine, and cover the pot with a plate, in such a manner that it presses upon the fruit. This simple process will preserve them more than a year, without attention. They should be soaked in fresh water several hours or longer, before cooking them.

Tomato Tart.—Roll out your dough, and place it on the plate; then having p[illegible]d your tomatoes, slice them thinly, spread them [illegible] the dough, and sweeten and spice as you please.

Tomato Pies.—Stew tomatoes, and rub them through a seive; then add spices as you would to apples, and make into pies.

Tomato Jam.—Stew them, and rub through a seive; then add the same weight in sugar, and stew away to the usual consistence of jam.

Tomato and Dried Beef.—Slice dried beef, add to it tomatoes, and add also butter, pepper, and flour, but no salt, and stew till done.

Baked Tomatoes.—Cut them in two, and removing a part of the contents, fill them with crumbs of grated bread, and season with parsley, salt, pepper, a little butter, or with anything you please.—Then bake them like apples, for twenty or thirty minutes.

Another way.—Cut them in two, flatwise, lay them in a dish, with the flat side up, put a small piece of butter and some salt and pepper on them, shake on a little flour, set them in the oven, and bake till done.

Spiced Tomatoes—recipe for a bushel.—Pour boiling water over your tomatoes, skin them, then boil them well. After which, add a pint of salt, a tablespoonful of black pepper and cayenne each, and an ounce of cloves, and the same quantity of mace.—Mix well, and put them into jars. Run mutton suet over them, and tie over the jars strong blue paper, or buckskin. In this way, they have been kept through the winter.

Saving Tomatoes.—The editor of the American Farmer gives the following method: On the approach of frost, take up the vines, with the fruit on them, and hang them up under cover in some out-house, or dry place, and you will have a large addition to your winter store. The small green fruit will ripen, (as to color,) and the larger ones will prove, at that season, very acceptable. We throw the vines over a pole, and place it in our barn, or any convenient place, and there let them hang, taking from the vines the fruit as it is wanted for use. In this way they keep well, and a large quantity can be secured with a very little labor.

September—Extra Work.—Most farmers will find time to do something more this month, than attending to their crops, threshing grain, &c. The improvement of wet meadow and swamp lands should not be neglected. To *thoroughly drain*, is the first step; and when you have done this, (if the land is not too wet to bear the team,) it is good economy to go further, and by coating with gravel, sand, loam, or clay, an inch or two in thickness, kill out at once the meadow grasses, and fix a soil in which better ones may be sowed forthwith. Or, better still, where you can do it, plough the meadow when drained, subject it to tillage, and when well pulverized, seed it down to grass.

The higher grounds may be ploughed and seeded down to grass this month, or any time between now and November, though the earliest possible day may be best, unless your grounds are very rich.

While such operations are attended to, do not neglect to get out muck and turf for compost.—*N. E. Farmer.*

Lime for Fruit Trees.—In the autumn of 1841, we laid bare the roots of a number of unthrifty apple and peach trees, and left them exposed during the winter, returned the dirt in the spring, and applied to the roots of each tree about half a bushel of gas lime. Last year the trees seemed greatly improved, and the peaches bore more than three times as much as they did the two previous years, and the fruit seemed improved. Ashes are a good substitute for lime, and ordinary lime would probably do as well as the gas lime.—*Delaware Farmer.*

KENNETT SQUARE BOARDING SCHOOL.

For Young Men and Boys.

THIS institution occupies one of the most pleasant and healthy situations in Chester county, Pa. on the mail route between Baltimore and Philadelphia, and about 12 miles northwest of Wilmington, Delaware. With each of the above-mentioned places, there is an easy communication by means of stages.

The course of mathematical instruction will include algebra, geometry, plane and spherical trigonometry, surveying, mensuration, astronomy, &c.

The ordinary branches of an English education, reading, writing, arithmetic, English grammar, geography, history, composition, &c.—will be thoroughly taught. Instruction will also be given in book-keeping, and in the Latin and French languages. The study of Botany will be made thorough and practical—the pupils with their teacher, will make frequent excursions, for the examination of plants, during the season of flowers.

Parents may rest assured that the most careful attention will be paid to the health and morals of the pupils. The neighborhood has acquired no small degree of distinction for its highly intellectual and moral standing.

Scholars, coming from a distance will be expected to board at the institution, where they will be under the constant care of the teacher.

TERMS:—For tuition, boarding, washing, &c. $30 per term of *eleven weeks*, one half payable in advance. An extra charge of $4, will be made for instruction in either of the languages. Boys, under twelve years, studying the common branches only, may be admitted for $25 per term. Pupils will furnish their own wash-basins and towels. Books and stationery furnished at the usual prices. Persons residing in the immediate vicinity, will be admitted as day scholars.

The term will commence the first second day in the eleventh month (November). There will be two vacations; one in the spring, the other in the fall.

JONATHAN LAMBORN, *Principal.*
JEREMIAH HAYHURST, *Teacher.*
Chester co. Pa. August 31, 1843. 6m.

The "Liberty Bell," for 1843.

THE "LIBERTY BELL," FOR 1843, IS FOR SALE, AT 143 Nassau street,—Edited by Maria W. Chapman, and containing choice articles by some of the ablest men in the anti-slavery ranks. Also, a few packs of anti-slavery visiting cards, beautifully executed—very cheap.

TEXAS AND MEXICO.

JUST published, and for sale at 143 Nassau street, fourth part of "The Legion of Liberty:" being a remonstrance of some of the Free Men, States, and Presses, to the Texan Rebellion, against the laws of Nature and of Nations. Price 6 cts. single; 50 cts. per dozen.
July 13, 1843.

JOSHUA C. JENKINS

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends, and the public, that he has taken the old established

TEMPERANCE GROCERY STAND

of Baldwin & Colton, late J. F. Lukens & Co. *Nos.* 244 *and* 244 1-2 *Market street*, south side, above 7th, where he has on hand an extensive assortment of the choicest articles in the line, together with a stock of

FREE LABOR GROCERIES,

all which have been laid in at the lowest possible price for CASH, and will be furnished to families and storekeepers at a very small advance upon the first cost.
Philadelphia, May 4, 1843. 6m.

Lehigh and Schuylkill Coal.

THE best coal, of the above description, selected carefully for family use, can be had by leaving orders with J. M. McKim, at the Anti-Slavery Office, No. 31 North Fifth street, Philadelphia.
August 22, 1843.—tf.

FREE CALICOES!

JUST received, 1 case fine calicoes. Also, 2 cases fine shirting muslins; together with a large assortment of other free dry goods, at reduced prices, wholesale and retail. CHARLES WISE,
Northwest corner Arch and Fifth streets.
Philadelphia, 8th, mo. 17th 1843. tf.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

Upright men shall be astonished at this, and the innocent shall stir up himself against the hypocrite.—Job. xvii. 8.

Abhor detraction, the sin of fallen angels, and the worst of fallen men.—*Wm. Penn.*

NARRATIVE of the Proceedings of the Monthly Meeting of New-York, and their Subsequent Confirmation by the Quarterly and Yearly Meetings, in the case of Isaac T. Hopper. Just published, and for sale at this office, No. 143 Nassau street, New-York; and at the Anti-Slavery Office, No. 31 North Fifth street, Philadelphia.

opul ar English Periodicas,

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